

CRIME
AND
JUSTICE

CRIME and JUSTICE

10¢
LNC

NO. 10

AW, CURT!
JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT
TO GET INTO THE
ACT!

WHAP!



IN THIS
ISSUE...

FOLLOW MR. AND MRS. CHASE IN THEIR NEW AND
EXCITING DEATH DEFYING ADVENTURES!!!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

CAN YOU SOLVE THIS?

AT THE HOME OF VINCE SHAW, NOTORIOUS, WEALTHY UNDERWORLD CHARACTER...



IF YOU DON'T SPEAK TO MIKE, I'LL HAVE MY BOYS TAKE CARE OF HIM!

LET ME WORK IT OUT, EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE..

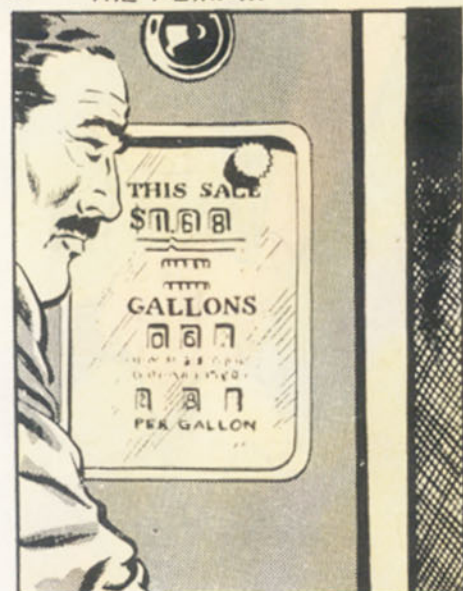


THE NEXT DAY INSPECTOR RYAN RUSHES TO ANITA AND MIKE MILLER'S GAS STATION. VINCE SHAW IS DEAD.



MIKE MILLER FINALLY CONFESSED HE HAD SHOT VINCE SHAW. MIKE SAID ANITA HAD CONFESSED TO HIM THAT SHE THOUGHT SHE LOVED THE GANG-STER. MIKE AND ANITA MADE UP THE HOLD-UP STORY TOGETHER.

INSPECTOR RYAN EXAMINES THE PUMP...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

A MR. & MRS.
CHASE
NOVELETTE

the BOMBER



LOOCH MOR
THE CRIMINAL KINGPIN.
HE DISLIKED VIOLENCE
SO HE CALLED...



BOMBER DENNY
HE HANDLED 'TECHNICAL
PROBLEMS' FOR THE
UNDERWORLD... AT A PRICE!



ALFREDO
THE QUIET, EASYGOING
RESTAURANT OWNER
FINGERED FOR THE
RUB-OUT!

LOOK, CURTIS!
ONE HIT, NO RUNS.
THEIR ERROR!

PERFECT DOUBLE
PLAY, MERRY! I'M
PUTTING TWO OUT
AT HOME!



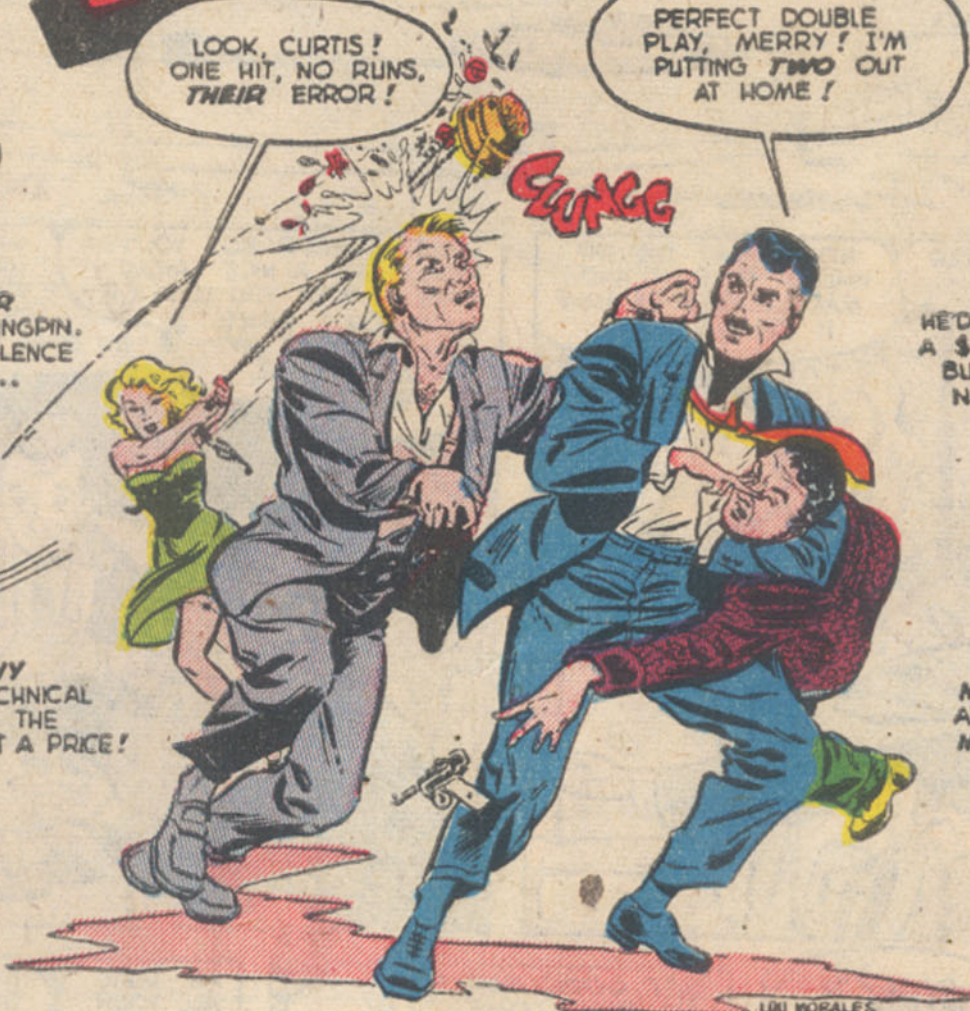
ART PENNIE
HE'D DONE HIS TIME FOR
A \$500,000 BANK JOB,
BUT THE LOOT WAS
NEVER RECOVERED.



ROLLO
MUSIC LOVING, STRONG
ARM MAN FOR LOOCH
MOR, AND COUSIN OF...



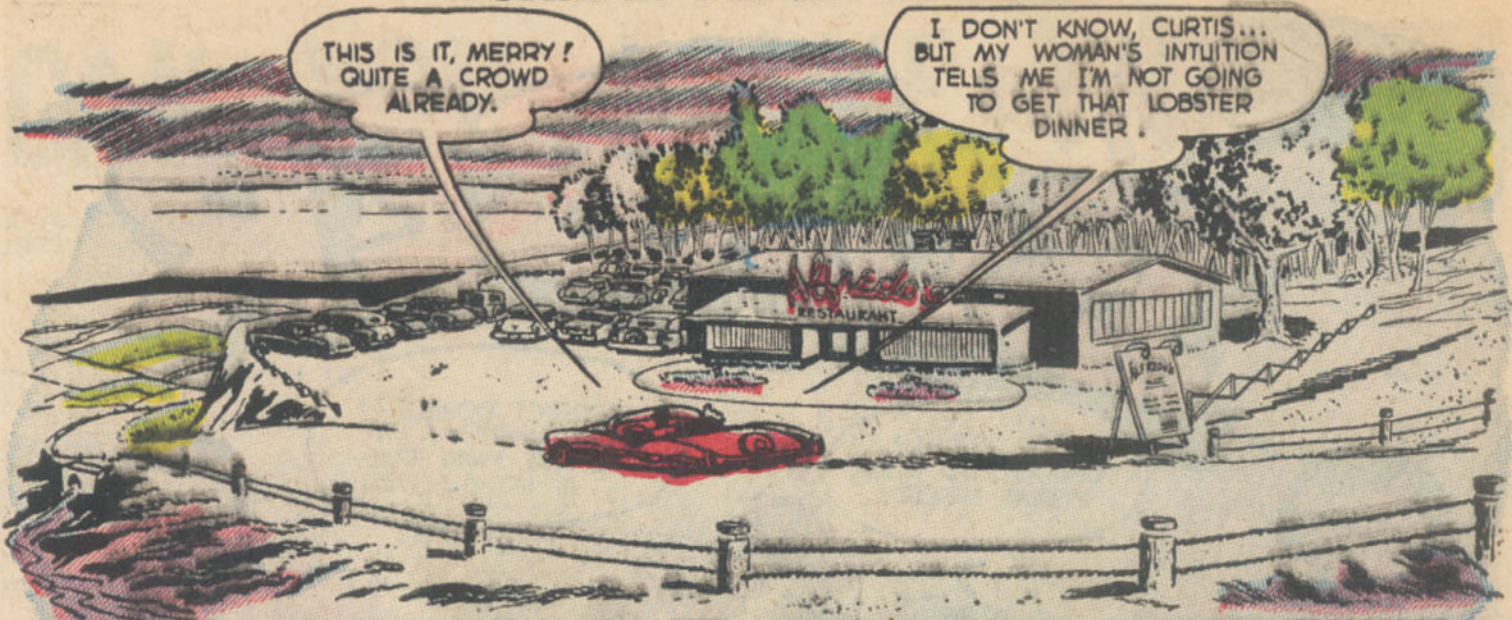
BIG T
A SLOWER, MUCH LESS
SOCIABLE VERSION
OF ROLLO.



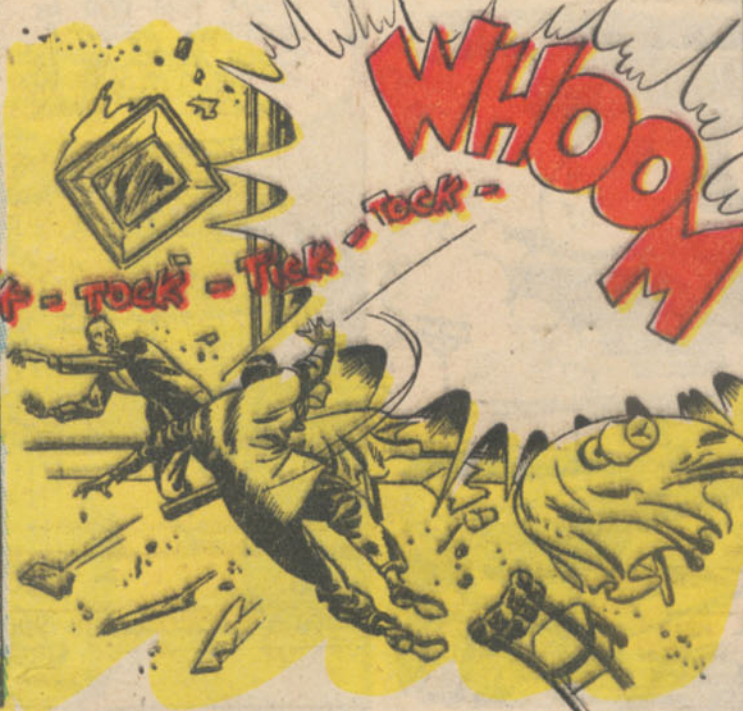
LOU NOVALES



CRIME AND JUSTICE



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BUT THE EXPLOSION DID KILL A MAN SITTING NEAR THE WINDOW AND A WAITER...



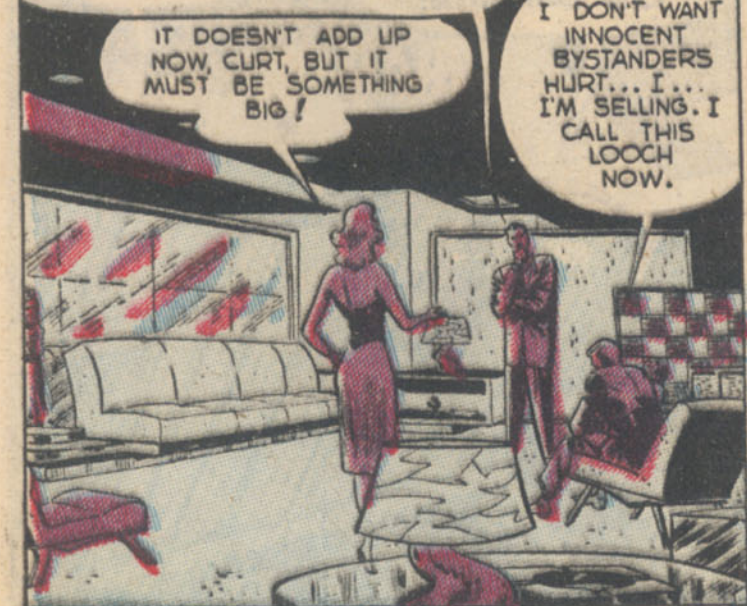
HELLO... CAPTAIN HAAS? YES, THIS IS CURTIS CHASE. YOU CAN PUT BOMBER DENNY AS NUMBER ONE ON YOUR SWING PARADE... AND I MEAN ON THE END OF A ROPE! YEAH... AT ALFREDO'S... ALL RIGHT, WE'LL WAIT.



I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T KNOW... WAIT! THAT MAN WHO COME TWICE... THIS DENNY WAS WITH HIM. HE SAY HE KILL ME... LOOCH MOR!



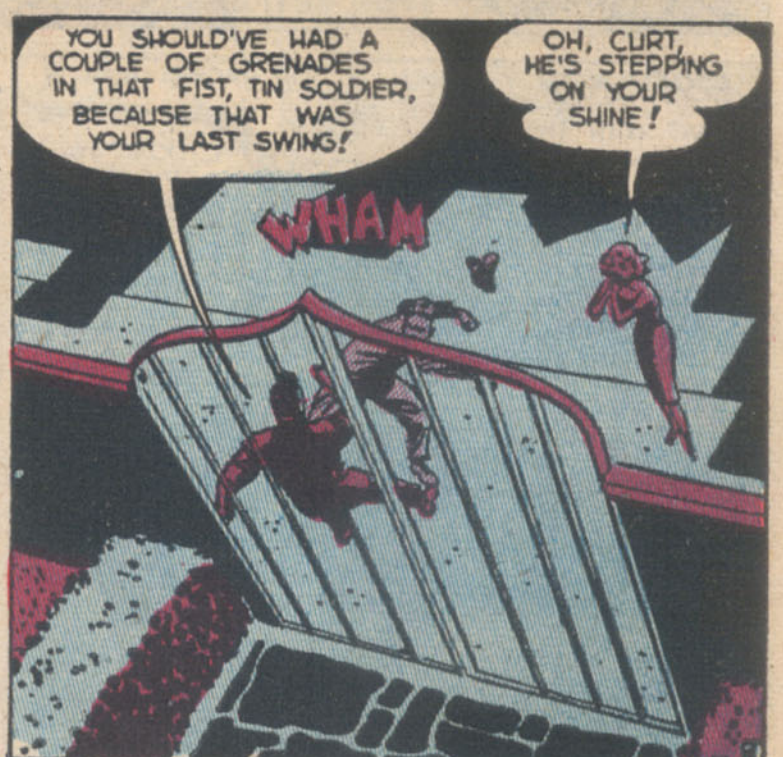
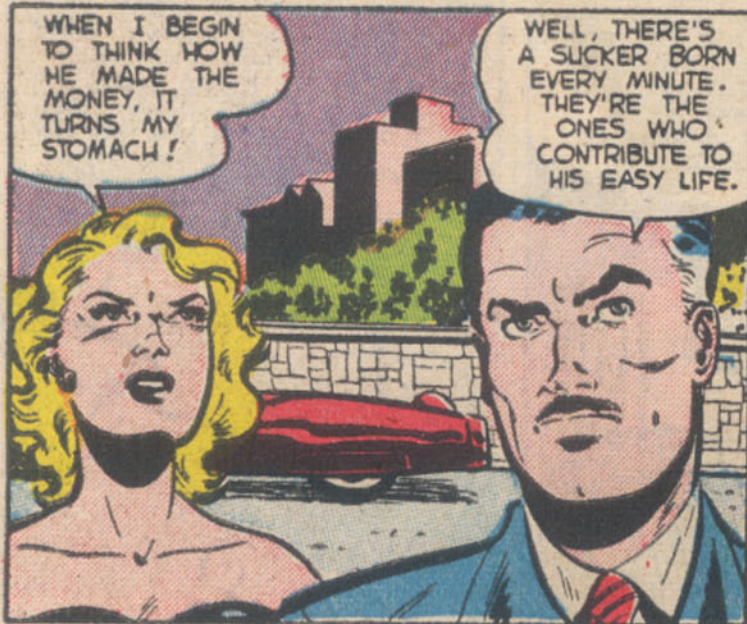
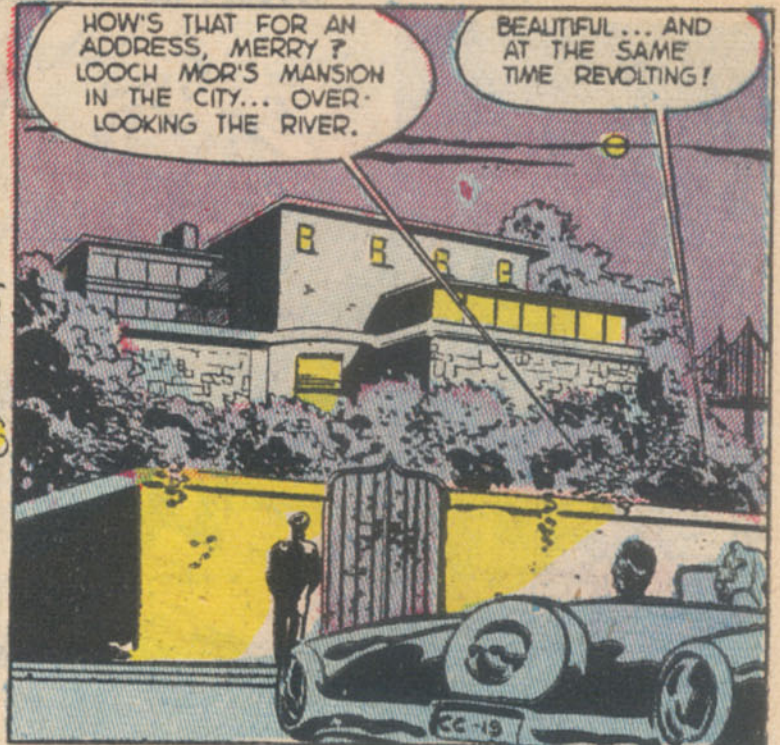
LOOCH MOR? LOOCH IS TOP RACKET MAN IN THIS CITY. WHAT WOULD HE WANT WITH THIS RAVIOLI ROOM?



CALL, NOTHING! SIT TIGHT UNTIL TOMORROW, ALFREDO. WHEN CAPTAIN HAAS ARRIVES TELL HIM WE WENT TO VISIT LOOCH MOR. LET'S GO, MERRY.

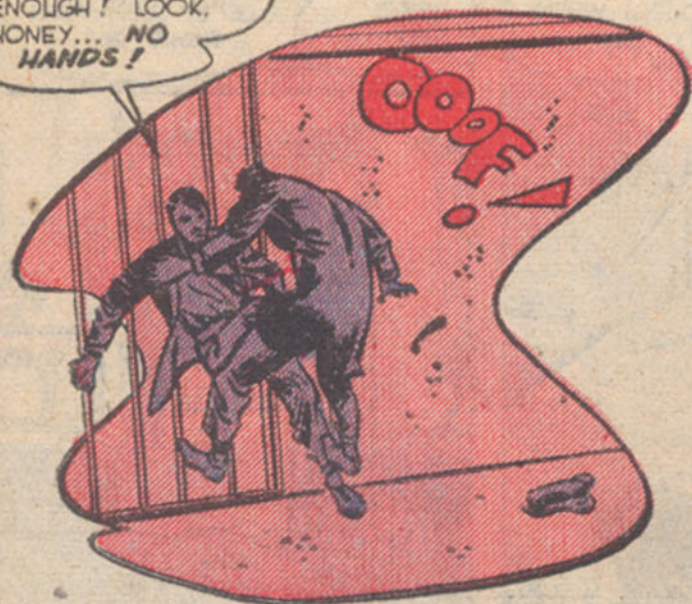


CRIME AND JUSTICE



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I'LL GET THAT SHINE BACK FAST ENOUGH! LOOK, HONEY... **NO HANDS!**



HA! LOOK NOW... **NO TEETH!**



BEG PAWDON, LADIES AND GENTS... WE THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE A LOWBROW AFFAIR!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T DICK GIORD! WHEN DID THEY LET YOU OUT OF THE COZY HOUSE?



LISTEN, CHASE, BECAUSE OF YOU I WAS SENT UP ONCE. I DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE. I'LL CALL LOOCH.

LOOCH'S PERSONAL RECEPTION COMMITTEE TOOK NO TIME GETTING DOWN...

ANOTHER SING SING SING! HOW'VE YOU BEEN, BIG T?

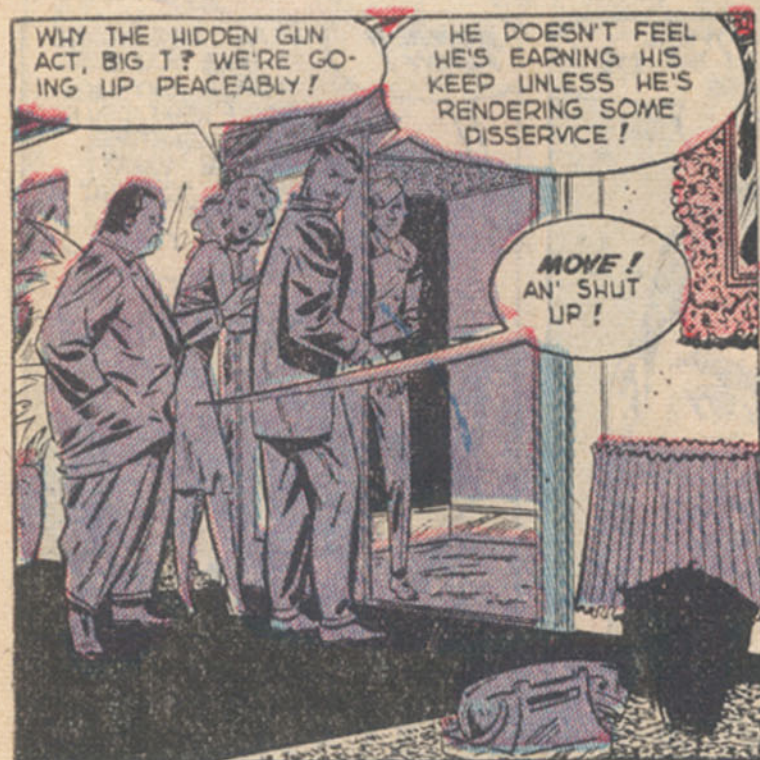
AWRIGHT, CHASE. CUT THE COMEDY AN' STEP INTO THE ELEVATOR.



WHY THE HIDDEN GUN ACT, BIG T? WE'RE GOING UP PEACEABLY!

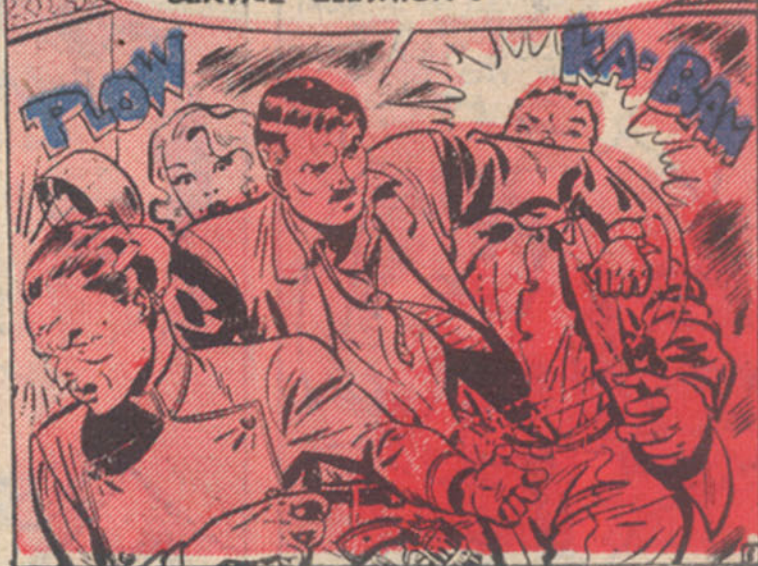
HE DOESN'T FEEL HE'S EARNING HIS KEEP UNLESS HE'S RENDERING SOME DISSERVICE!

MOVE! AN' SHUT UP!

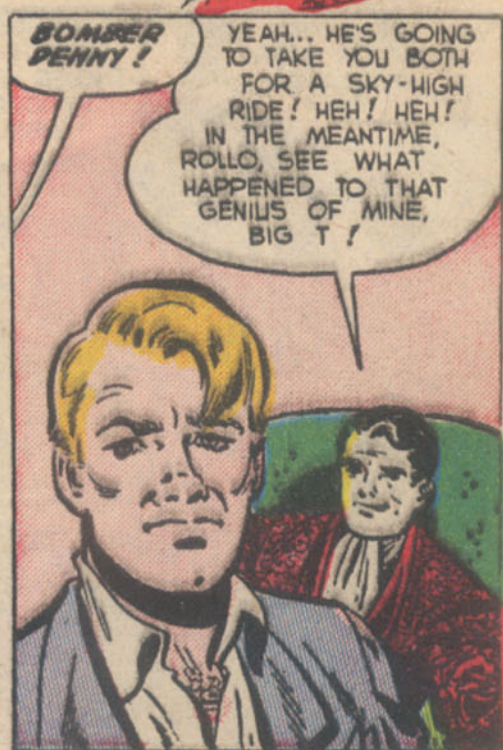
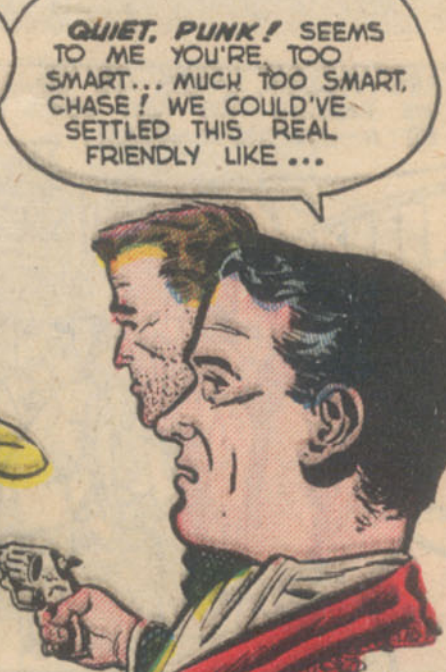
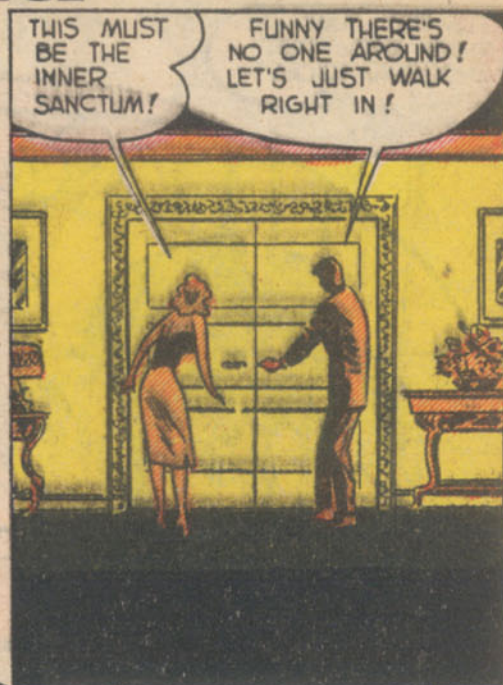


AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR SHUT, CURTIS WENT INTO ACTION...

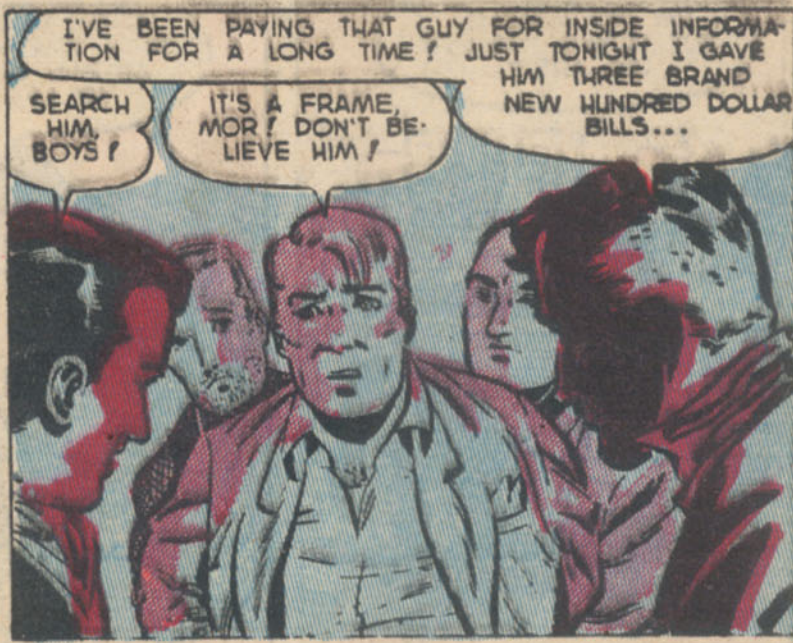
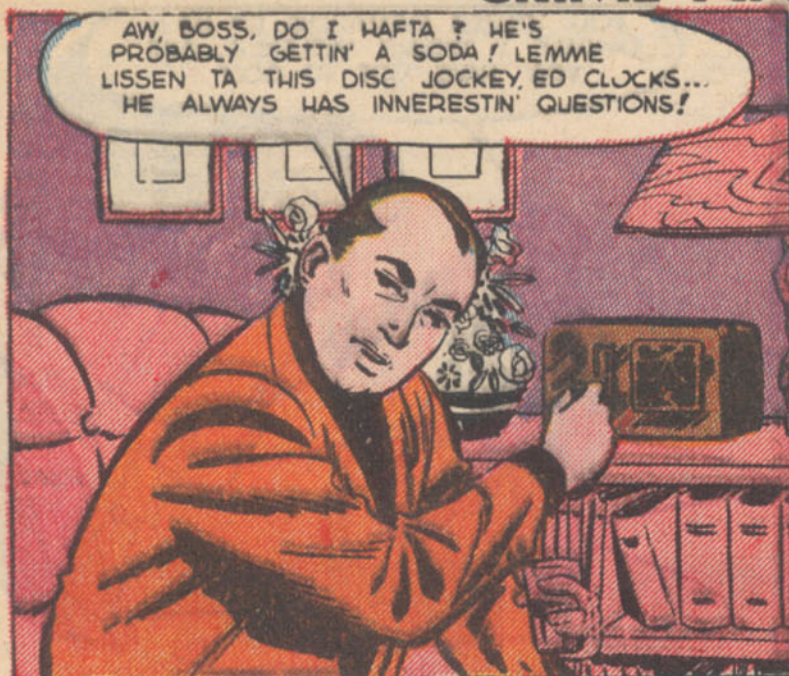
I DON'T CARE FOR HEATERS WARMING MY RIBS... AND WE DON'T NEED ROD PACKING OPERATORS IN A **SELF SERVICE ELEVATOR!**



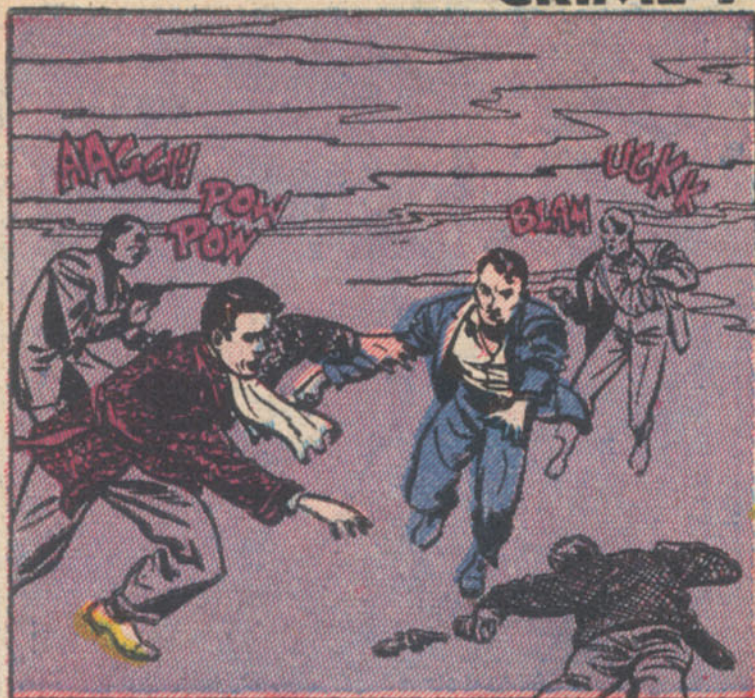
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YOU LOUSED EVERYTHING UP NOW, CHASE! I DISLIKE VIOLENCE, BUT YOU HAVE GOT TO GO!



I'M NO GRABLE BUT HOW'S THIS FOR LEG ART?



HONEY, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME A PAIR OF PINS SAVED MY LIFE!



AS USUAL, THE CHASES HAVE LANDED! GOOD JOB, MERRY AND CURTIS. WE ROUNDED UP EVERYBODY DOWNSTAIRS AND UNCAGED THE TWO CREEPS IN THE ELEVATOR.



CAPTAIN HAAS, I'M JUST WONDERING ABOUT THIS HUBBY OF MINE WHEN HE LOOKS AT OTHER WOMEN! ONLY X-RAY EYES COULD HAVE DETECTED THREE NEW, NEATLY FOLDED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS IN A MAN'S POCKET!

PLEASE, MERRY, DON'T LET THAT IMAGINATION OF YOURS RUN WILD. WHEN I JUMPED DENNY I SLIPPED THOSE THREE BILLS INTO HIS POCKET TO PROVIDE A LITTLE DIVERSION!



ALL RIGHT, CHASE. ANOTHER GOLD STAR FOR YOU! NOW WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR WIFE GO HOME TO SLEEP?

SLEEP, NOTHING! HE OWES ME A LOBSTER DINNER!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE "TROUBLE SHIFT", FROM TWELVE MIDNIGHT TO EIGHT A.M... EVERY COP HAS TO WORK IT WHEN HIS TURN COMES UP, AND THAT APPLIED TO TEX AND BARRY OUT ON THE HIGHWAYS AS WELL AS TO THEIR BROTHER OFFICERS IN THE CITY. IT WAS ON A CHILLY, WET NIGHT IN EARLY SUMMER THAT THE BOYS STARTED THE SHIFT... AND GOT THEIR FIRST LOOK AT THE...

IN
ANOTHER

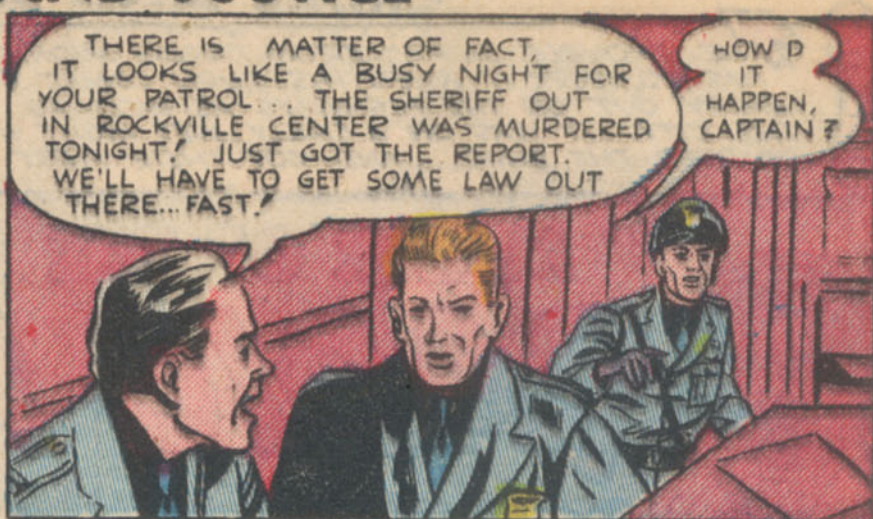
MARK OF THE MONSTER RADIO PATROL STORY

GOSH, BARRY! I
JUST GOT A GLIMPSE
AT THE KILLER... WHAT
WAS IT A MAN OR
BEAST?

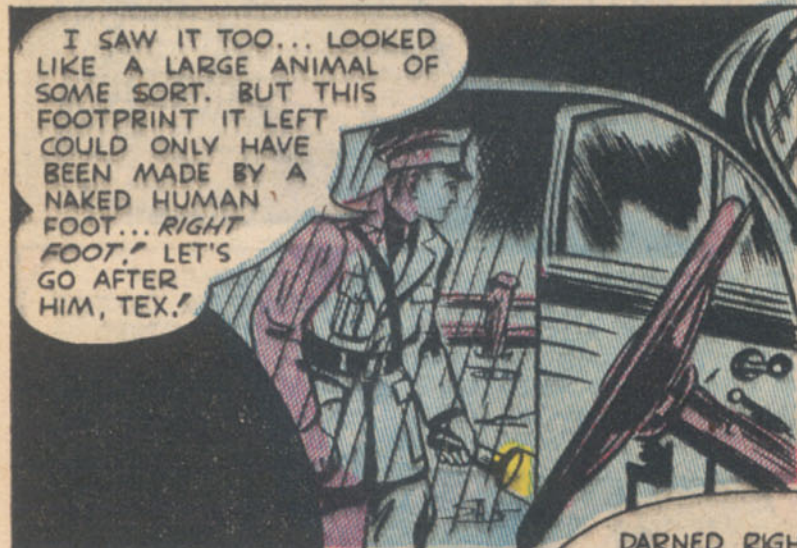
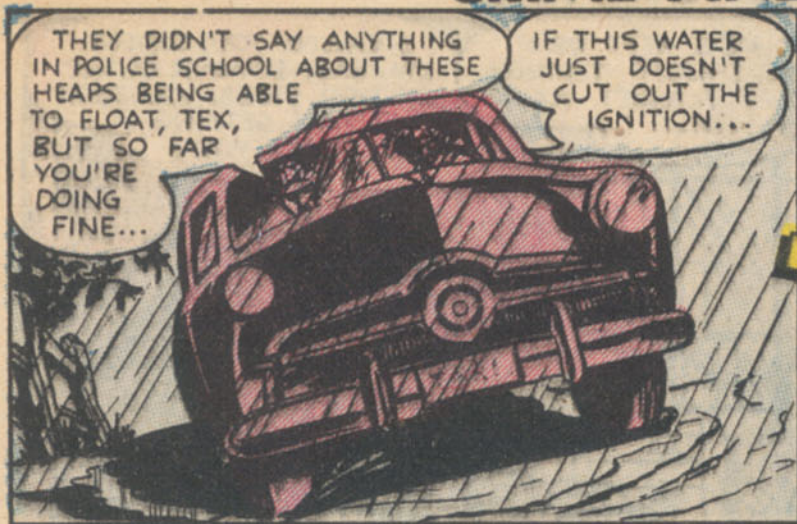
DON'T KNOW, TEX!
IT MOVED TOO FAST FOR
ME!!! LET'S DO SOME-
THING, QUICK!



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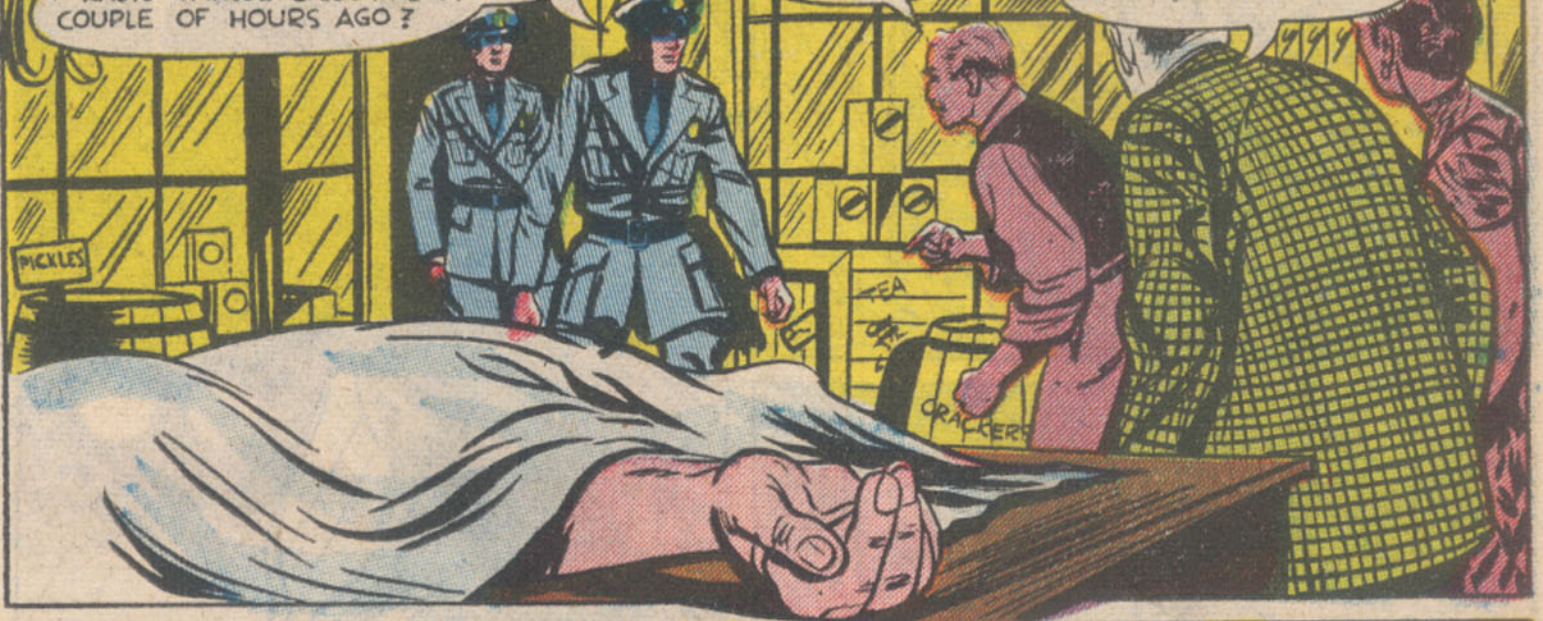
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A MOMENT LATER...

WHERE'S THE MURDERED SHERIFF?
DID ONE OF YOU MEN CALL THE
RADIO PATROL BARRACKS A
COUPLE OF HOURS AGO?

WHAT'S LEFT OF
THE SHERIFF IS UNDER
THAT BLANKET, YOUNG
FELLER...

I CALLED YOU, OFFICER,
I'M SAM EDMOND, OWNER
OF THIS STORE. YOU TOOK
YOUR TIME GETTING
HERE, DIDN'T YOU?



YOU BEEN OUTSIDE LATELY, MISTER?
IT'S RAINED A LITTLE... WE GOT HERE
AS FAST AS WE COULD ROW THE
CAR UP YOUR MAIN STREET. WHAT
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
THIS BUSINESS?



NOT VERY MUCH. STUMBLED OVER
THE BODY ABOUT ELEVEN OR SO.
HE WAS IN THE ALLEY BETWEEN
THIS BUILDING AND THE BANK
NEXT DOOR. I WORKED LATE
ARRANGING STOCK IN HERE,
AND WAS ON MY WAY HOME.

BROTHER!
WHOEVER DID THIS
REALLY WORKED
HIM OVER... WITH
A LONG, SHARP
KNIFE... MAYBE A
BUTCHER KNIFE.



GRUDGE
KILLING?

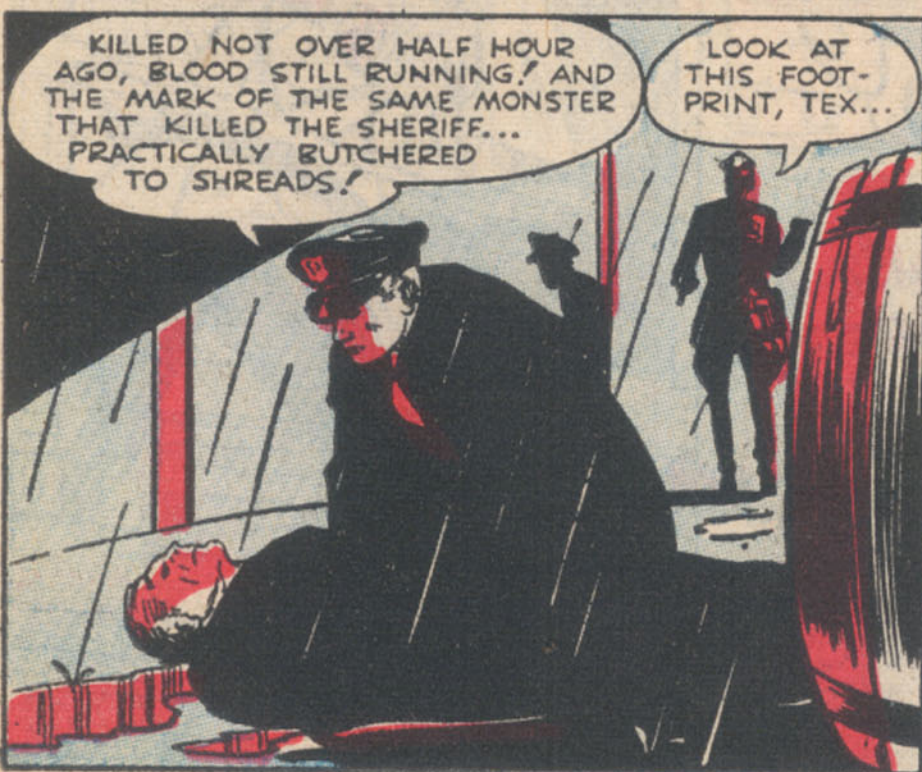
FROM THE WAY THE BODY
IS CUT UP, I THINK IT PROBABLY
WAS. EDMOND, WHO, THAT THE
SHERIFF SENT UP, HAS BEEN
RELEASED FROM JAIL
OR PRISON LATELY?



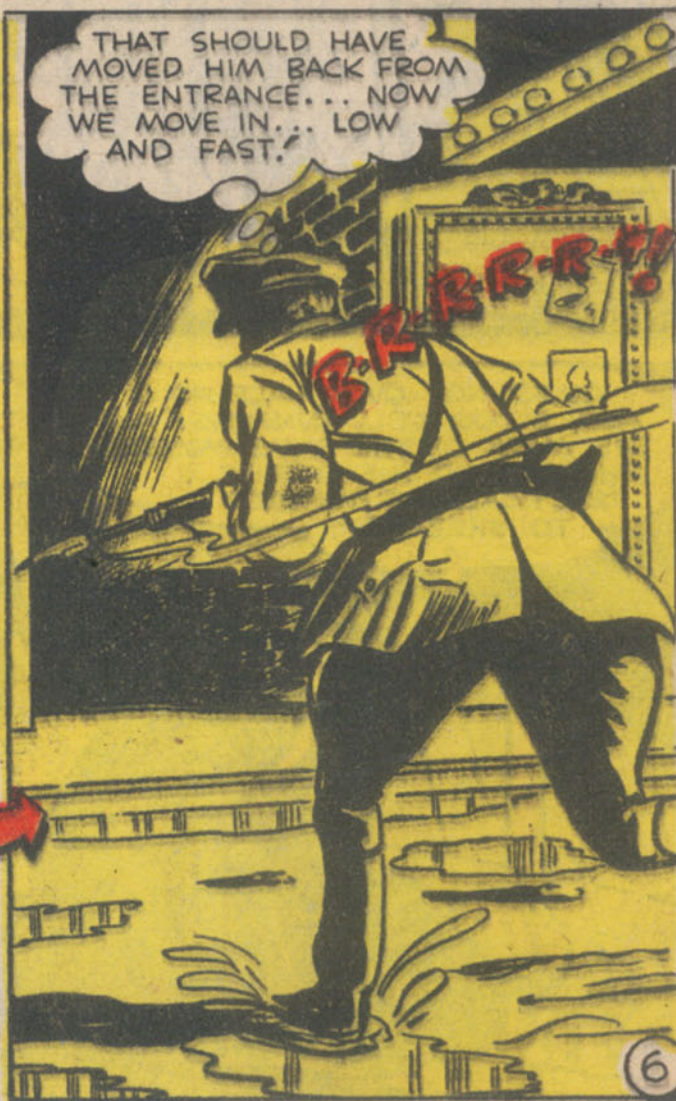
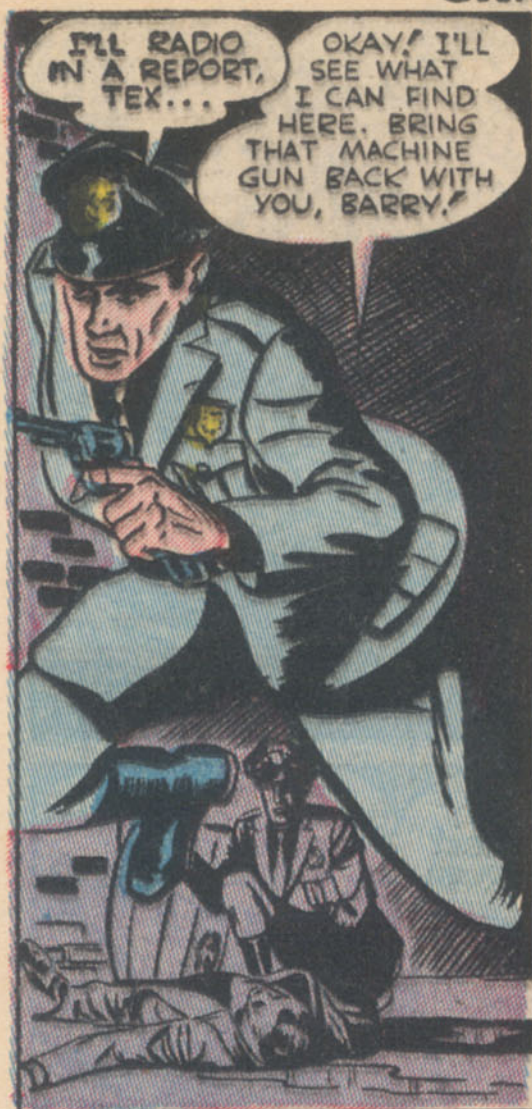
I THINK I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN,
BUT SO FAR AS I KNOW THE ONLY
PERSON IN THIS TOWN TO GO TO
JAIL IS THAT DRUNKEN JEFF PEABODY...
HE'S IN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT
AND OUT SUNDAY MORNING IN
TIME FOR THE OLD LADY TO
CARRY HIM OFF TO CHURCH...



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A SHORT TIME LATER...



DEAD JUSTICE

Jerry Mahoney was a rather pleasant-looking young man. His eyes were a deep blue, his hair blond, and his six feet of flesh made you feel you were talking to a real man. People would always remark about Jerry, "he has an honest face." They say looks are often deceiving and this was the case. He was a spoiled, selfish, cruel man who could only think about himself.

Just now he was in the office of Willie the Spotter who claimed he knew how to pick the winning horses on any track. Jerry wasn't in a very contented mood. "The horse you said would win last week, lost. I bet every cent I had on that nag. I got a load of debts to pay. Can you lend me a thousand dollars until next month? I have some investments due and then I'll be able to repay you."

Willie the Spotter, with his weasel-type face didn't even smile when he answered. "I got you on my books already for three grand. In my line of work you can't extend credit beyond that."

"But you know I'll be worth more than a million dollars when that old uncle of mine dies. He can't change his will because that was the way my aunt made the will before she died. Everything goes to me when old John Albertson decides to die."

It was on the tip of Willie's tongue to give a bit of advice and suggest that Jerry help his uncle get into the next world. But his common sense told him not to say it. So instead he merely remarked.

"Seems your uncle will probably live to be a hundred. He hasn't got a worry in the world except you."

"You don't have to get sarcastic," shot back Jerry as his eyes began to narrow. "We can't all live forever in this world and that also goes for you."

Willie the Spotter wasn't born dumb. He

got the significance of the crack but decided to ignore it. After all, when the uncle did die, Jerry would be around to spend the cash. "Go over to Joe's place," he suggested. "You can try your luck on the wheels and perhaps pick up a few thousand dollars."

Jerry parked his car outside a country tavern which had a large neon sign that informed the public, "Joe's Place For The Food You Want." Then he walked inside the place and entered the check room. He closed the door and hung his coat on the first hanger. Then he moved the second hanger and a section of the wall opened. He walked through into a large gambling room.

Tony Varento, big husky bouncer greeted him. "Hello Mr. Mahoney. Before you do any playing, the boss wants to see you. He's in his private office." Jerry figured that Willie had probably phoned Joe and warned him.

A middle-aged man with jet black hair that was evidently dyed glanced up from his desk. "Take a seat, Jerry," he ordered. "I got a couple of things I want to discuss with you." So Jerry seated himself and came right to the point. "What's on your mind? Worried about the money I owe you?"

Joe shook his head in the affirmative. "I have a stack of your I.O.U.'s. No more playing until you start paying up some of those back debts."

"You know all I get is a miserable hundred dollars a week from my Aunt's trust fund," said Jerry.

Joe could be blunt. "Why don't you help your uncle to get into the next world. A little shove off a rock might do the trick."

Jerry didn't bat a facial muscle. "Are you suggesting that I murder my uncle?" He looked at the gambler steadily for a few minutes and continued speaking. "What a fool I

would be to do such a thing. The rest of my life you would blackmail me." He started for the door and heard Joe say. "If you killed your uncle so no person could prove it, neither the law nor myself could do any beefing."

As Jerry's foot stepped on the starter of his car he could hear himself say half-aloud, "I bet I could figure out how to kill that old skinflint of an uncle so it would look like an accident or even suicide. The simpler the plan I figure out the less chance the law has of getting me. And the stakes are high. A million dollars that ought to be mine."

There was an armed truce in the Mahoney household. Uncle John Albertson had married Sarah Mahoney years ago. She had plenty of money. However there was a million dollars in a trust fund which eventually would go to Jerry. But as long as John Albertson lived, he could enjoy the income from that money. John Albertson lived in the other and they mansion and Jerry lived in the other and they rarely met. Only when the nephew wanted money.

The uncle was seated in a rocking chair near the window. Jerry was standing at the side of the chair. "You look very well, uncle," he began. It's nice and warm outside. Let me take you for a drive."

Uncle Albertson said nothing as his nephew left the room. He arose from his chair and went to a small table. He wrote a note and placed it in an envelope. Then he called his housekeeper and told her to mail it at once.

Jerry walked through the large trophy room of the Mahoney mansion. It was filled with loving cups, mounted animal heads, rifles and guns. He took a .38 caliber from the wall. He broke open the gun and placed six bullets in the chambers. Then he closed the gun and placed it in his hip pocket. "This is going to be easier than I thought," he said to himself.

Jerry helped his uncle into the car. "You sit right next to me," he said. "And we'll take a long ride into the country. Close your eyes and sleep." Then he fixed a large brown blanket around his uncle's legs.

John Albertson closed his eyes and they remained shut. Not once did he open them. Jerry drove down the turnpike into highway 23, then into highway 17 and began to climb up Darson's Hill. He stopped the car and walked out on his side. The he quietly open-

ed the door of the car on his uncle's side. He took the revolver from his pocket, placed the muzzle against his uncle's head, and pulled the trigger once.

Jerry found he had to force his uncle's fingers apart to get the gun into the right hand. Then he closed the fingers and placed one on the trigger. The revolver was on John Albertson's lap with the muzzle pointed downward.

"This was a perfect crime," he told himself. "Uncle was tired and ill. It was his gun. We went on a trip. He shot himself. There will be powder marks on the skin to prove it was at close range. I will say that I didn't want to disturb the body until I brought it to a hospital or police station. And my uncle's fingerprints will be on the gun. Nothing went wrong. Nothing can go wrong."

For two hours Jerry continued driving back to the city with a corpse next to him. At Hamilton's Crossing he ran over a pipe in the road. The car was jarred a bit and there was a shot from the revolver in John Albertson's hand. "I'm shot . . . in the heart," moaned Jerry as his hand went for the brake. He made it and then slumped over the wheel dead!

Sheriff Al Boylon was impatient. "Come on, Doc. We've been on this case three days. What's the verdict? You read the letter the uncle mailed to the police. Said he thought his nephew wanted to kill him. And Albertson's doctor said he was suffering from a weak heart."

Dr. Guy Walters adjusted his glasses and then spoke. "I guess you can call this a case of Dead Justice. John Albertson must have died as soon as he sat in the car. Figure three hours for the trip. Then his nephew shot him and placed the gun in his hand. It took two more hours till they hit the pipe in the road. That must have jolted the car. Hence the muzzle of the gun shifted towards the nephew's heart. Rigor mortis set in and the finger tightened around the trigger and bang! went the gun."

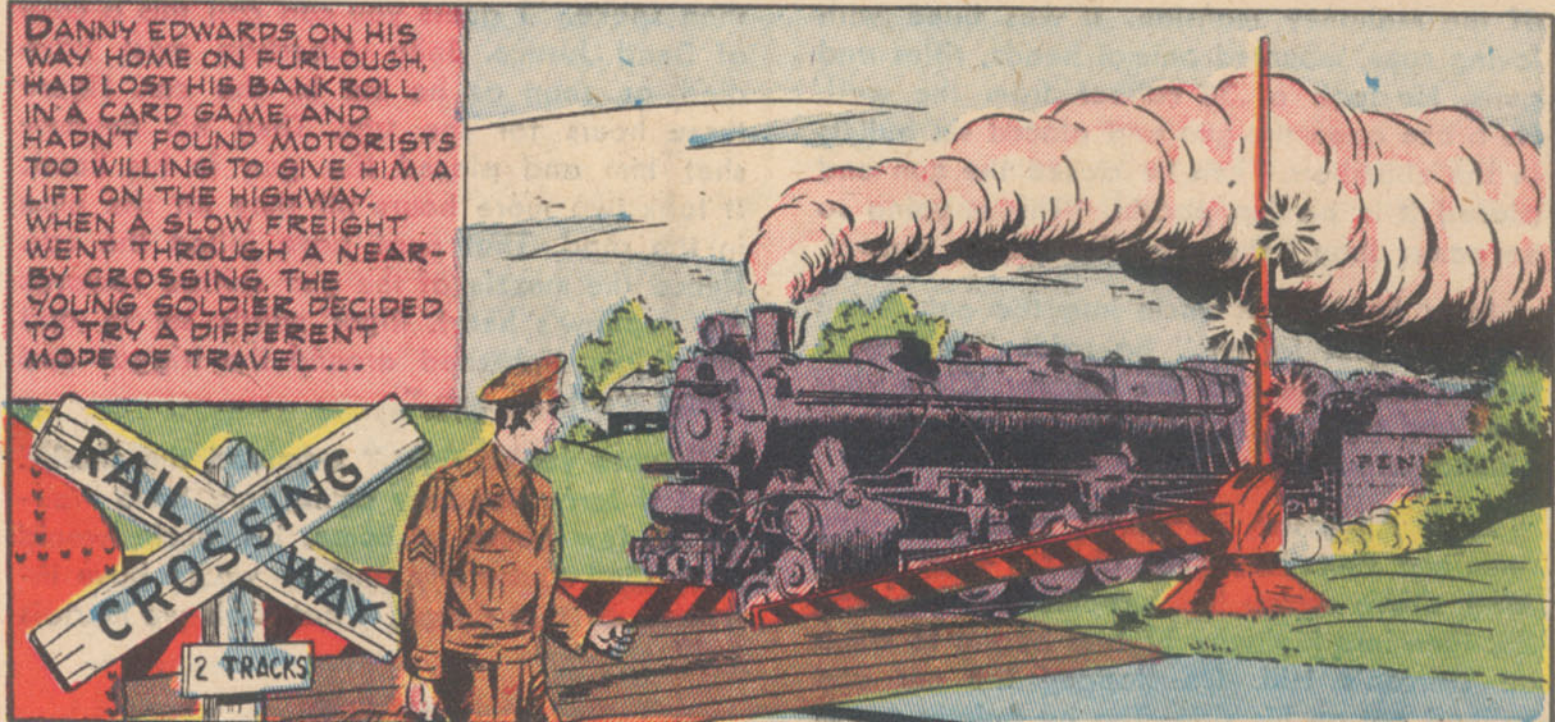
"Guess you're right," admitted the sheriff. "But if Jerry Mahoney could only have waited a few hours at home, his uncle would have died peacefully and he would have inherited all that dough. What fools we mortals be!"

THE END

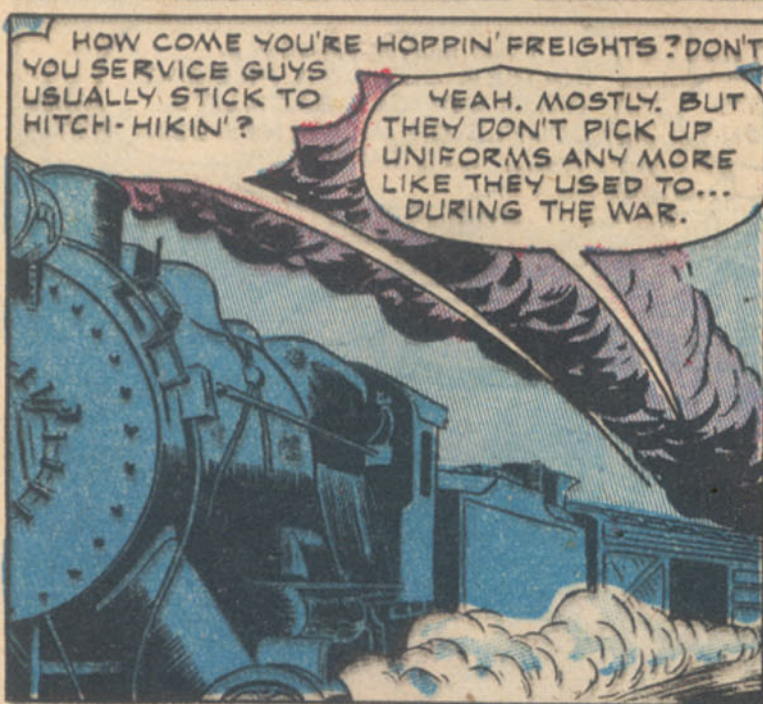
RUN, KILLER, RUN



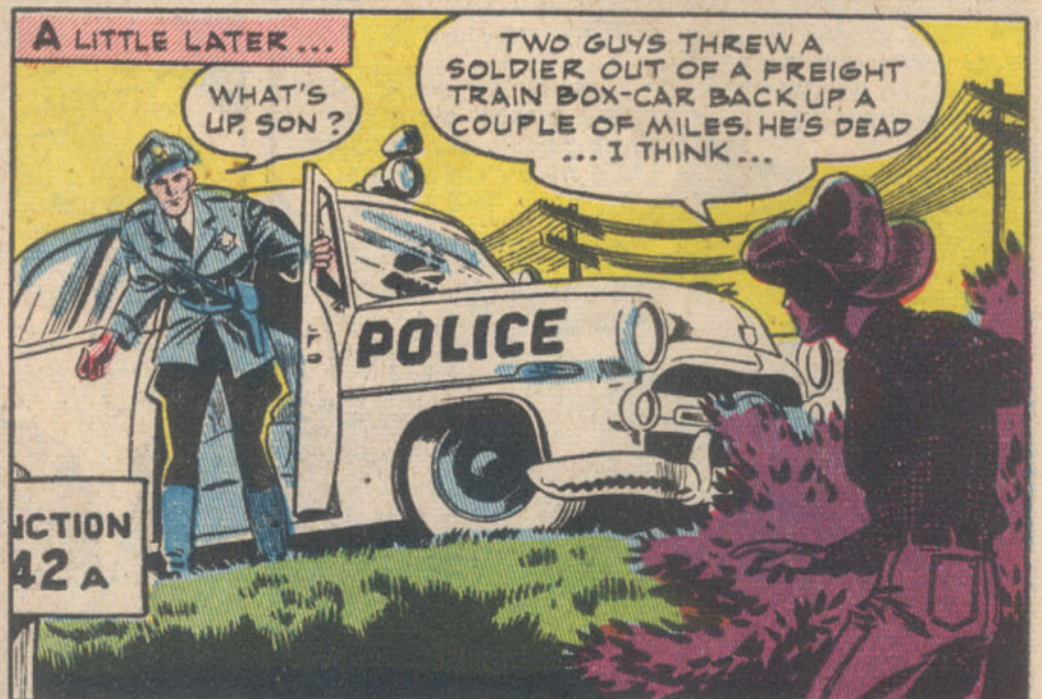
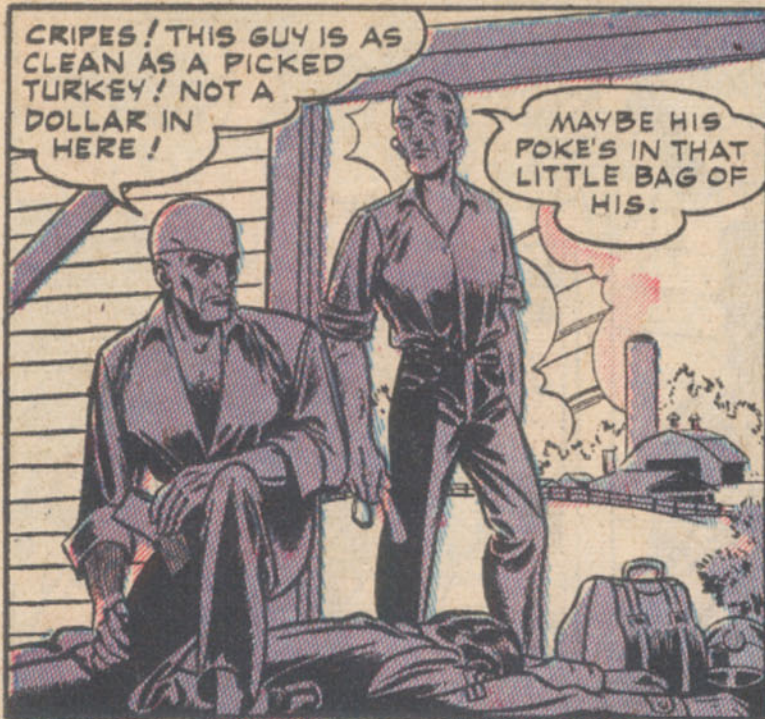
DANNY EDWARDS ON HIS WAY HOME ON FURLOUGH, HAD LOST HIS BANKROLL IN A CARD GAME, AND HADN'T FOUND MOTORISTS TOO WILLING TO GIVE HIM A LIFT ON THE HIGHWAY. WHEN A SLOW FREIGHT WENT THROUGH A NEAR-BY CROSSING, THE YOUNG SOLDIER DECIDED TO TRY A DIFFERENT MODE OF TRAVEL...



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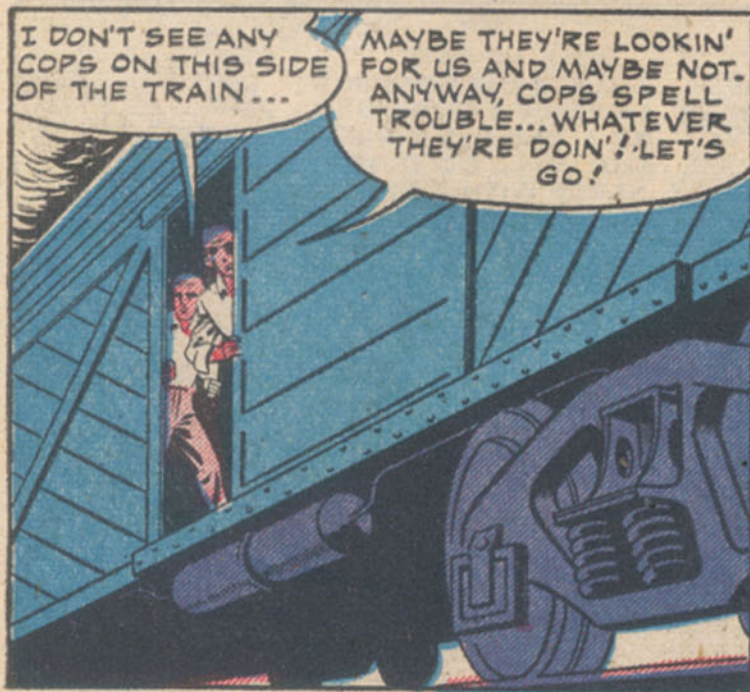
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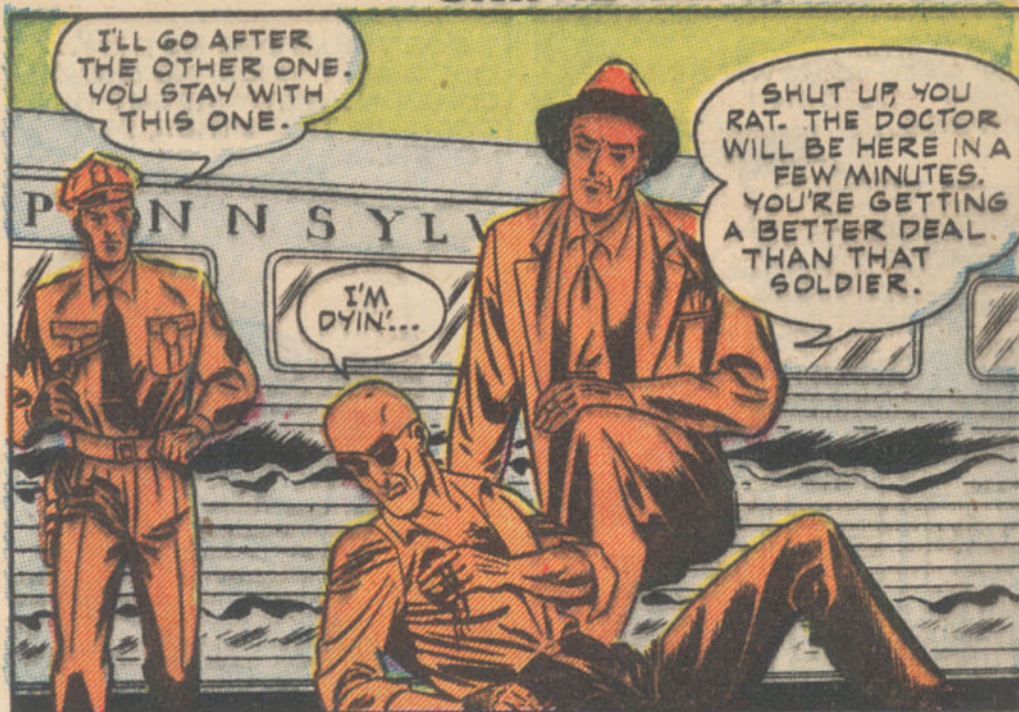
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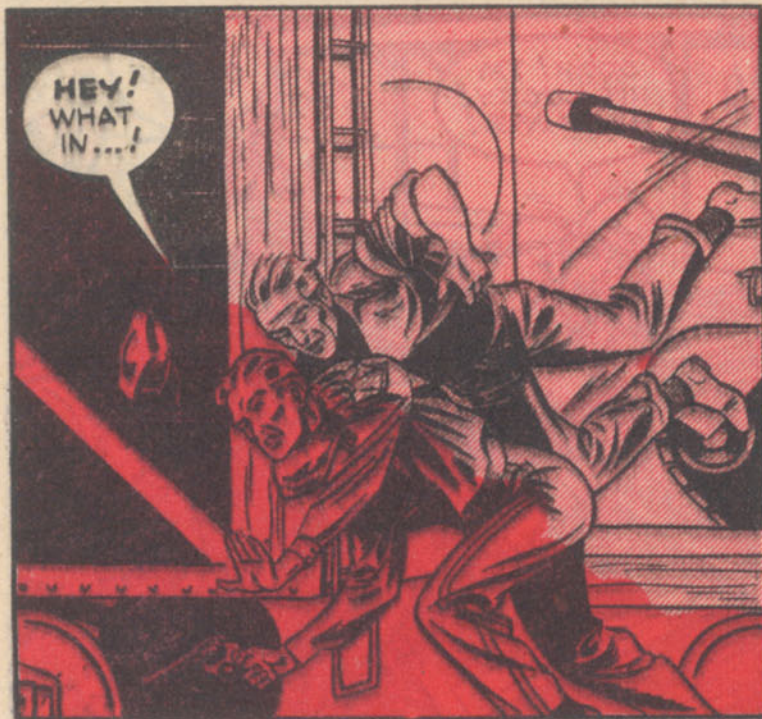
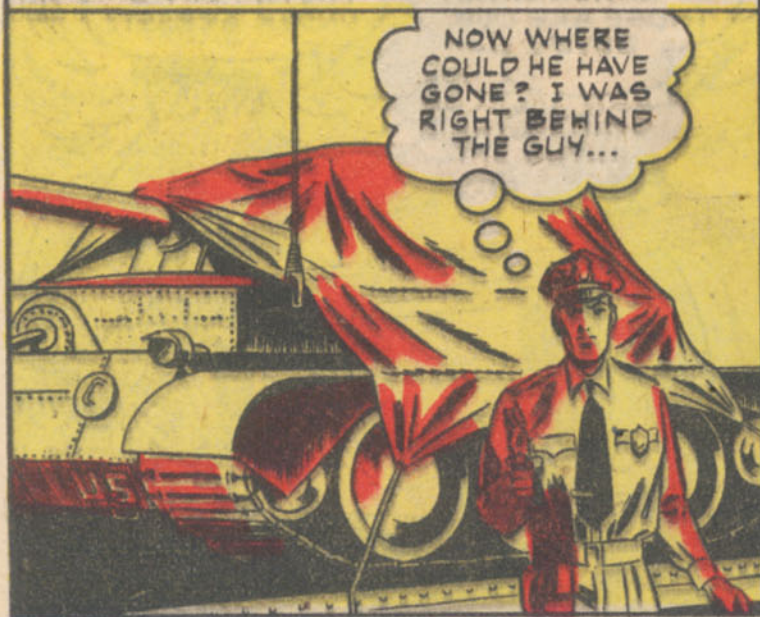
I DON'T SUPPOSE NOTHIN'... BUT I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES. COME ON... HELP ME GET THIS DOOR ON THE OTHER SIDE OPEN...



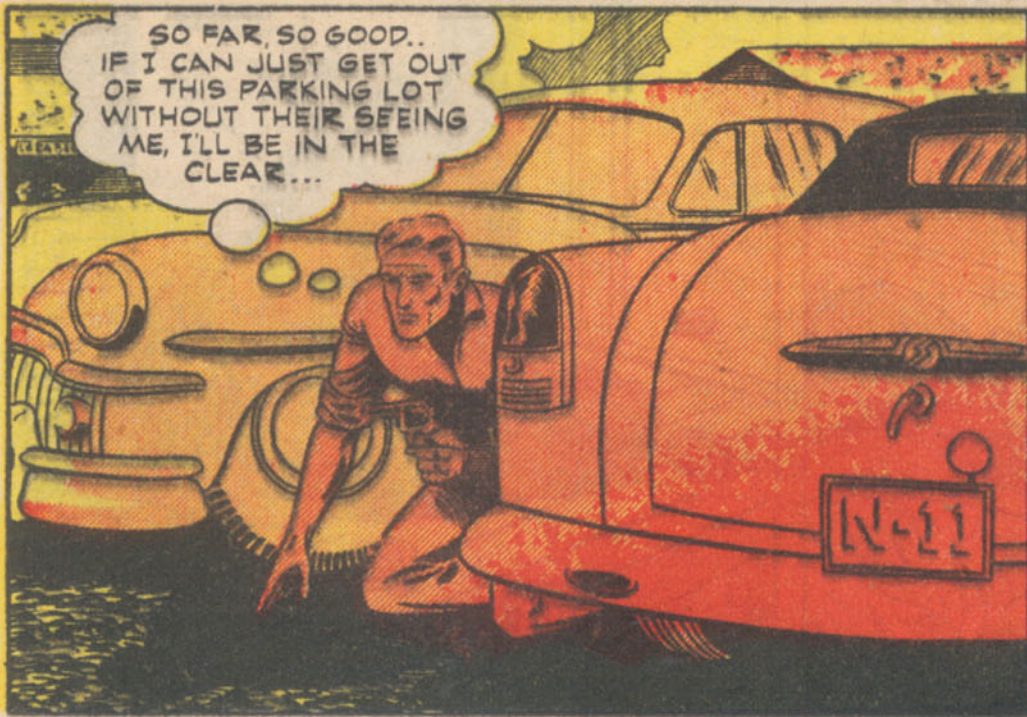
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MEANWHILE, LUCKY HAS GIVEN SERGEANT MORRIS THE SLIP... FOR THE MOMENT.



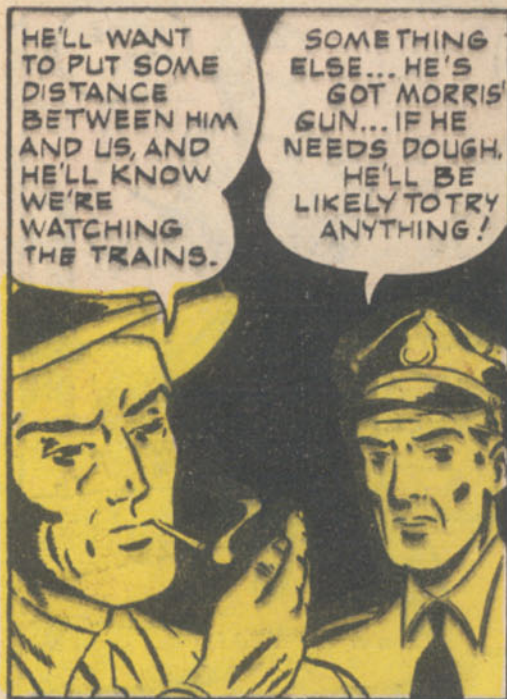
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SO FAR, SO GOOD... IF I CAN JUST GET OUT OF THIS PARKING LOT WITHOUT THEIR SEEING ME, I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR...

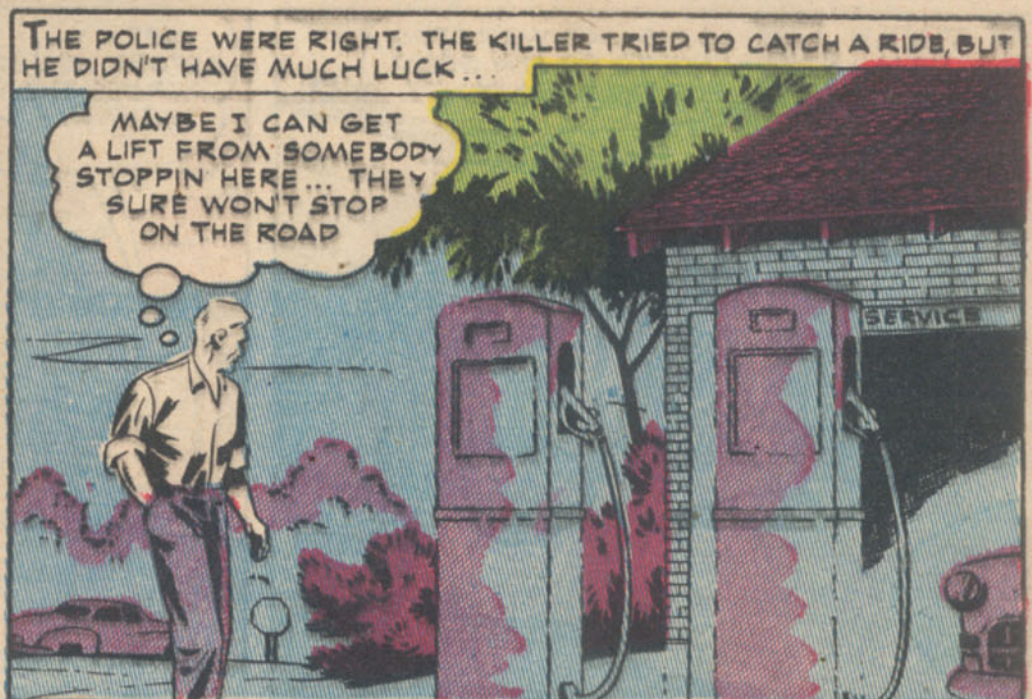


LOOKS LIKE HE MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY... THIS TIME, WE'VE GOT HIS DESCRIPTION FROM THE OTHER PUNK. GET OUT A BULLETIN TO THE STATE POLICE ON HIM. I'M BETTING HE'LL TRY THE HIGHWAY FOR A CHANGE.



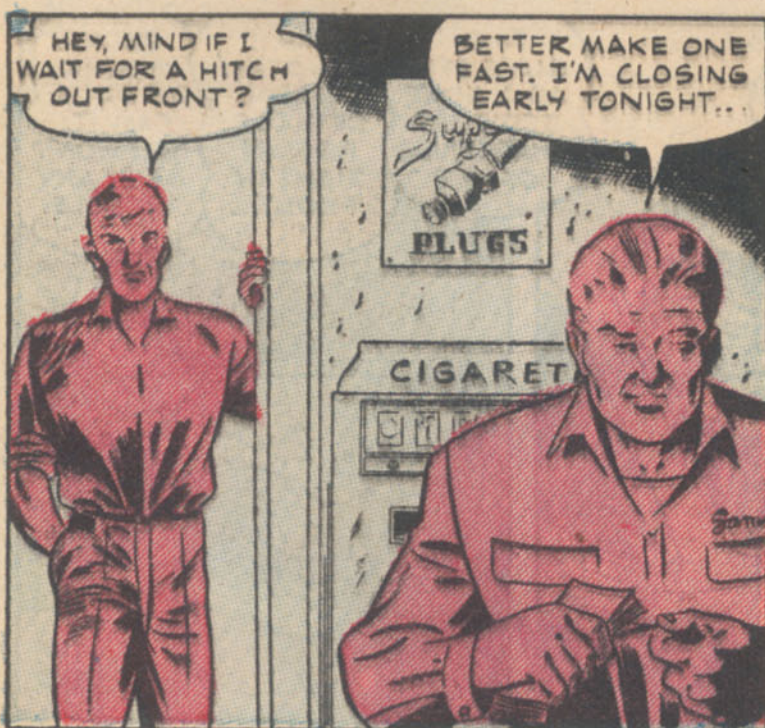
HE'LL WANT TO PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN HIM AND US, AND HE'LL KNOW WE'RE WATCHING THE TRAINS.

SOMETHING ELSE... HE'S GOT MORRIS' GUN... IF HE NEEDS DOUGH, HE'LL BE LIKELY TO TRY ANYTHING!



THE POLICE WERE RIGHT. THE KILLER TRIED TO CATCH A RIDE, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK...

MAYBE I CAN GET A LIFT FROM SOMEBODY STOPPIN' HERE... THEY SURE WON'T STOP ON THE ROAD



HEY, MIND IF I WAIT FOR A HITCH OUT FRONT?

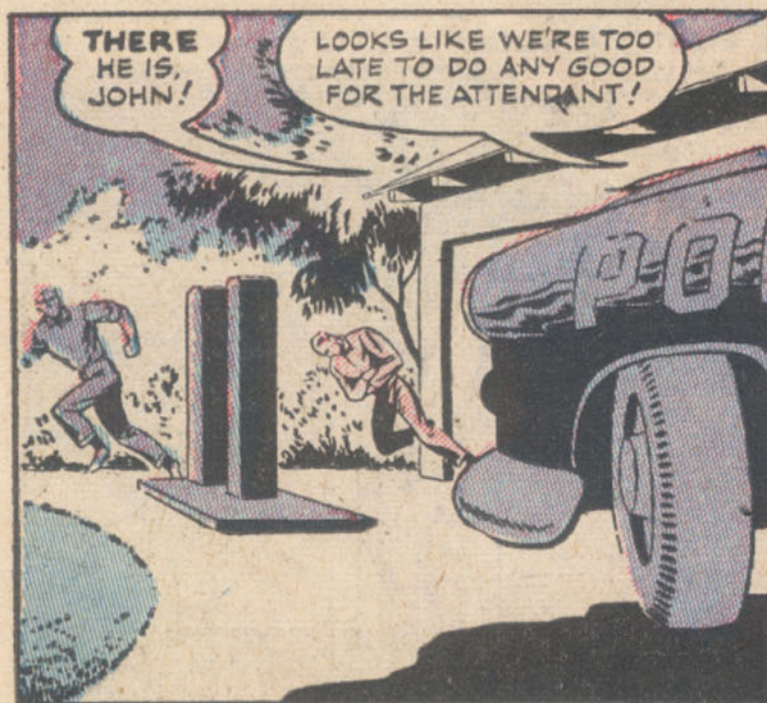
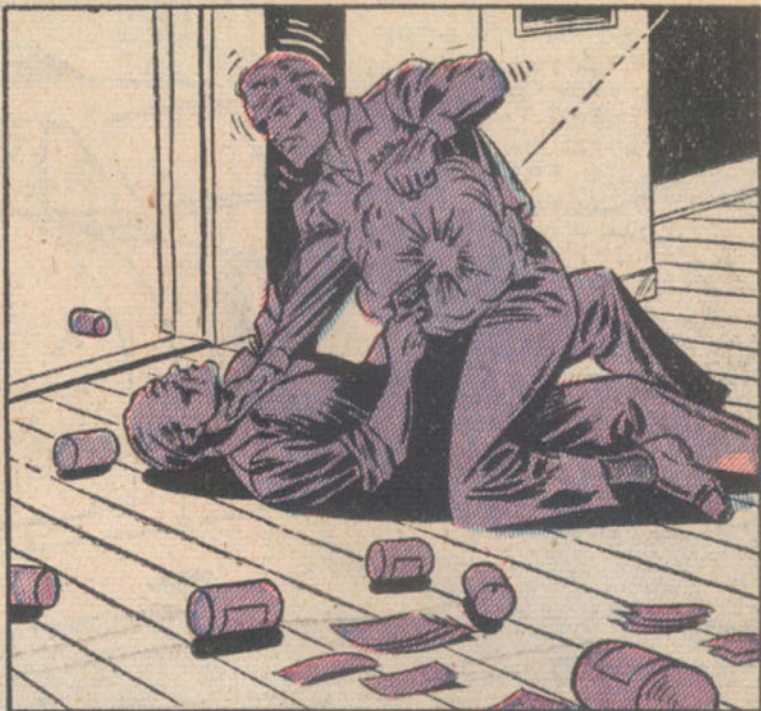
BETTER MAKE ONE FAST. I'M CLOSING EARLY TONIGHT...



LOOKS LIKE YOU HAD A GOOD DAY. I THINK I'LL SHARE THE PROFITS WITH YOU!

WHAT! A ST-CKUP HUM?

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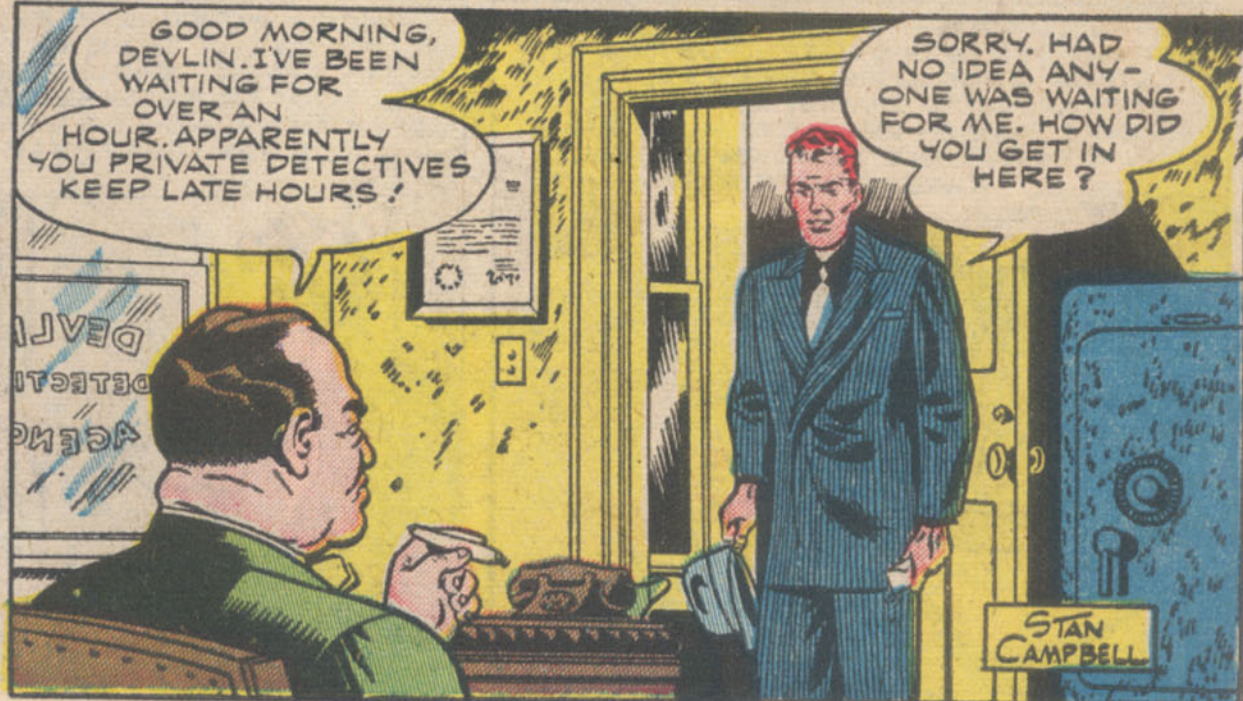
CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE FIRST PAYMENT HAD DISAPPEARED AND NO ONE HAD WITNESSED WHO TOOK IT. IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE THAT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SMALL BILLS COULD BE PICKED UP UNDER THE EYES OF TWO CITY DETECTIVES WITHOUT THEIR SEEING IT, BUT THAT WAS ONLY ONE OF THE TRICKS WE WERE UP AGAINST WHEN SERGEANT CARR AND I ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE OF THE KILLER CALLED...

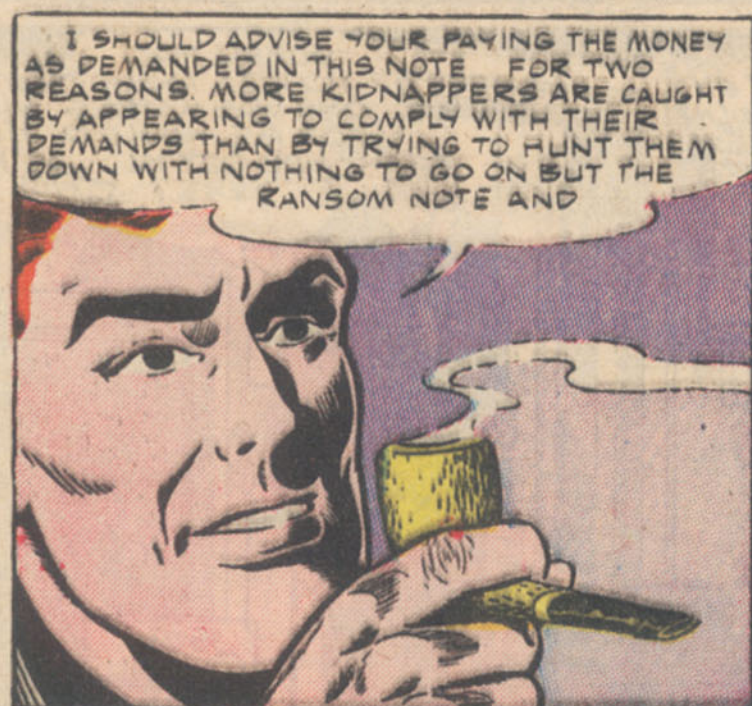
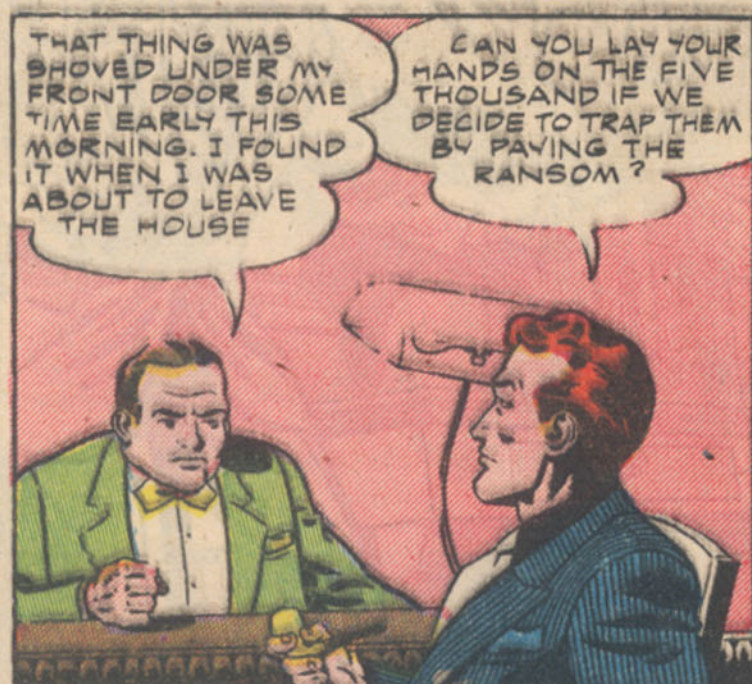
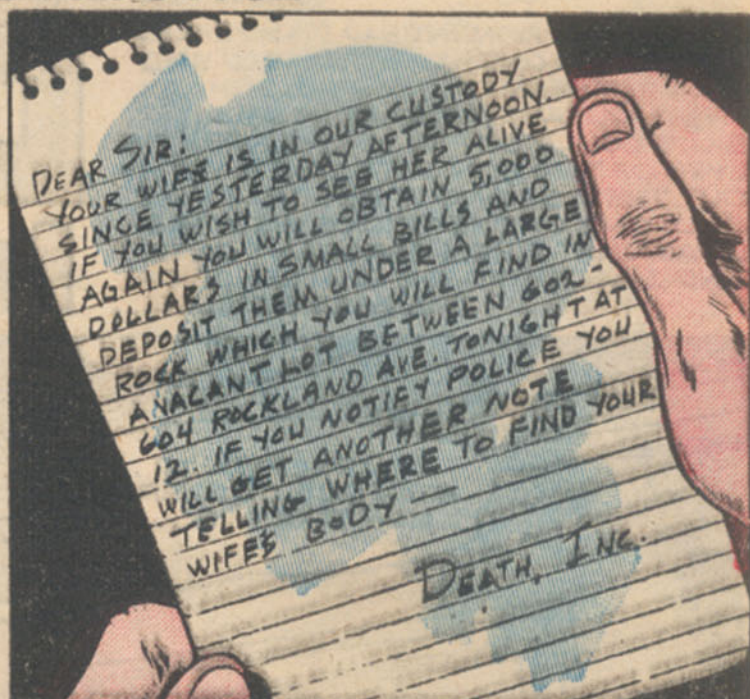
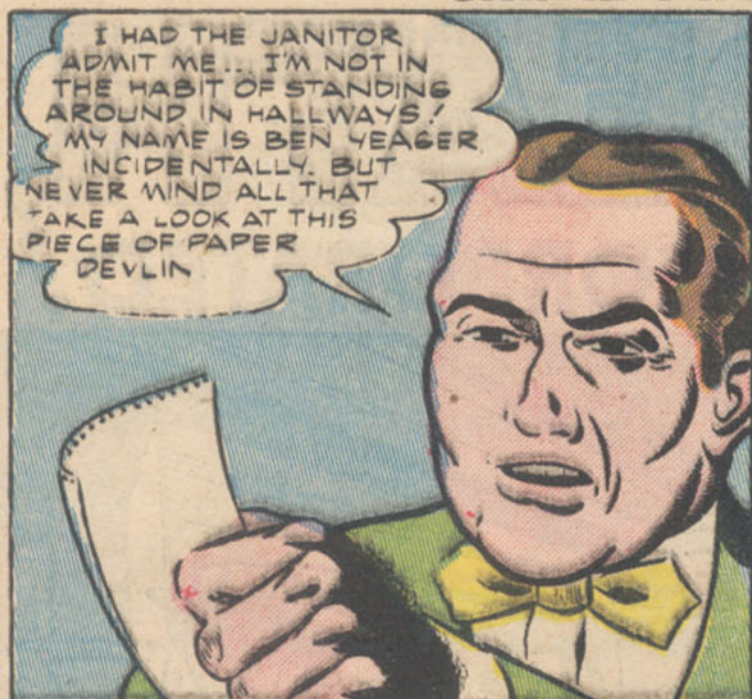
DEATH, INCORPORATED!



"IT WAS A SPRING MORNING, ONE OF THE FIRST, AND I HAD FELT PRETTY GOOD ABOUT THE WHOLE WORLD ON MY WAY TO WORK ON THIS PARTICULAR MORNING. HOWEVER, THE FEELING VANISHED AS I ENTERED MY OFFICE."



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

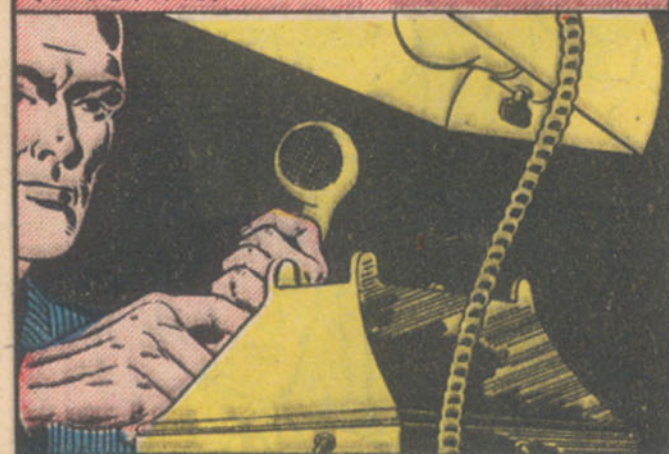
SHE TOLD ME YESTERDAY MORNING SHE WAS GOING TO A MATINEE. I THINK SHE WENT BY HERSELF. I DON'T KNOW WHICH THEATRE. LAST NIGHT, WHEN SHE FAILED TO RETURN HOME BY A LATE HOUR, I CALLED ALL OUR ACQUAINTANCES I COULD THINK OF. NO ONE HAD SEEN HER. THIS MORNING, THE NOTE.



TRY TO ACT AS NEARLY NORMAL TODAY AS YOU CAN. DON'T DO ANYTHING THAT MIGHT ALARM THEM IF THEY ARE WATCHING YOU. I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER THIS EVENING IN REGARD TO THE RANSOM PAYMENT. I'LL KEEP THIS NOTE FOR THE TIME BEING, IF YOU DON'T MIND.



"AFTER YEAGER LEFT I CALLED THE POLICE AND ASKED FOR AN OLD FRIEND, SERGEANT BILLY CARR. ALTHOUGH THE NOTE WARNED AGAINST THE POLICE, I WAS ONLY ONE MAN, AND THAT VACANT LOT WAS GOING TO NEED SOME COVERING TONIGHT..."

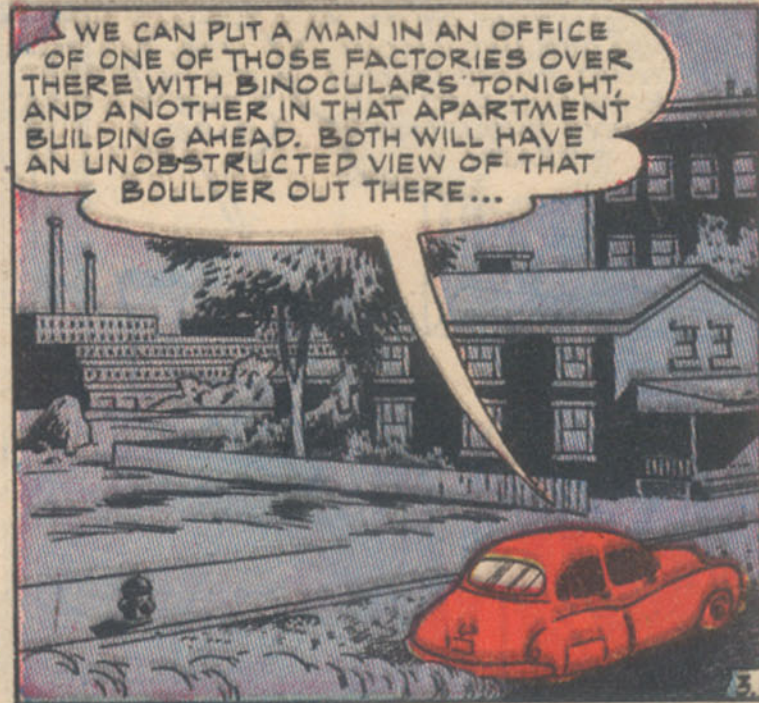


"LATER IN THE DAY I MET CARR FOR LUNCH AND WE WORKED OUT WHAT WE THOUGHT WAS A PRETTY SOUND SYSTEM FOR BAGGING OUR KIDNAPPERS ONCE THE RANSOM HAD BEEN PAID..."

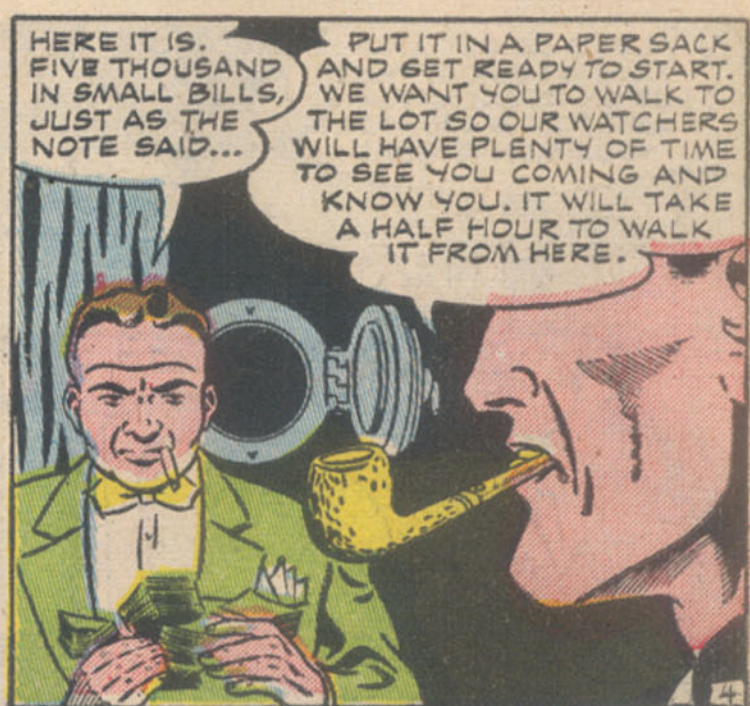
LET'S GO OUT AND TAKE A LOOK AT THAT LOT ON ROCKLAND AVE. AND PICK A SPOT FOR YOUR MEN TONIGHT.



WE CAN PUT A MAN IN AN OFFICE OF ONE OF THOSE FACTORIES OVER THERE WITH BINOCULARS TONIGHT, AND ANOTHER IN THAT APARTMENT BUILDING AHEAD. BOTH WILL HAVE AN UNOBSTRUCTED VIEW OF THAT BOULDER OUT THERE...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

"YEAGER LEFT, AND A HALF HOUR LATER THE PHONE RANG. IT WAS THE DETECTIVE IN THE APARTMENT BUILDING. HE TOLD US YEAGER HAD LEFT THE MONEY AT THE ROCK AND GONE BACK THE WAY HE HAD COME."



"WHEN HE RETURNED AT TWELVE THIRTY, THE BANKER SAID HE HAD SEEN NO ONE, LEFT THE RANSOM AND CAME STRAIGHT HOME. WE WAITED FOR THE WATCHER'S HOURLY CALLS TO COME IN..."

"THE REPORTS CAME EVERY HOUR FROM BOTH OF OUR WATCHERS. THEY WERE ALL THE SAME... NO ONE HAD GONE INTO THE VACANT LOT ON ROCKLAND AVENUE. WE TOLD YEAGER TO GO TO BED, BUT HE PREFERRED TO STAY..."



ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY SURE, JOHNSON?



"BY SEVEN A.M. WE KNEW THERE HAD BEEN A SLIP-UP IN OUR PLANS."

I'M TELLING YOU, SERGEANT, THERE HASN'T BEEN A SOUL GONE INTO THIS VACANT LOT ALL NIGHT, LET ALONE GO NEAR THAT ROCK! I'VE GOT THE PHONE RIGHT HERE AT THE WINDOW SO I DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE FOR EVEN A MINUTE...



WE HAD ABOUT DECIDED THE CRIMINALS WOULD TRY THE PICK-UP THE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN...

LOOK AT THIS, DEVLIN. IT WAS JUST INSIDE THE FRONT DOOR... LIKE THE OTHER ONE!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

"DEAR SIR, WE RECEIVED YOUR MONEY AS PER INSTRUCTIONS. THANK YOU. TONIGHT REPEAT YOUR ACTIONS OF LAST NIGHT, THIS TIME WITH 10,000 DOLLARS, AND TOMORROW YOUR WIFE WILL REALLY BE SENT HOME TO YOU... DEATH, INC."

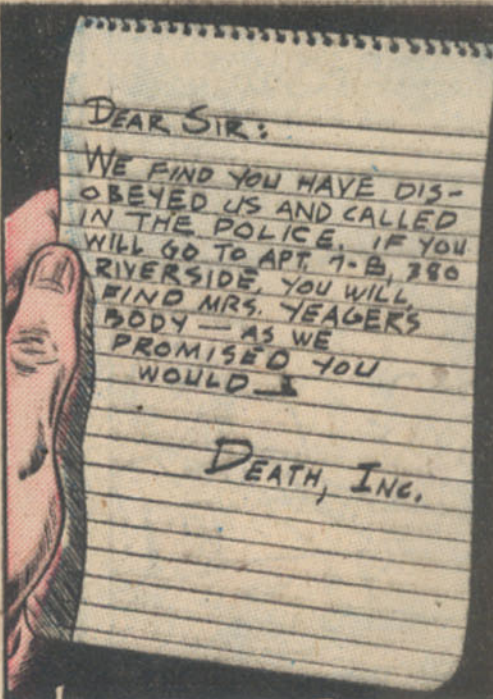


HOW DID THEY DO IT? BOTH OF THOSE 102-477-21 COULDN'T HAVE BEEN SLEEPING WHEN THE PICK-UP WAS MADE! TONIGHT WE'LL DOUBLE THE WATCH... JUST TO BE SURE!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE GOT AWAY SO FAST...

BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT WAS THE SAME STORY AS THE FIRST EXCEPT THIS TIME YEAGER DELIVERED TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND REPORTED THE ORIGINAL FIVE THOUSAND GONE. THE FOLLOWING MORNING I WATCHED THE FRONT DOOR FOR ANOTHER NOTE. WHEN I TURNED MY BACK FOR AN INSTANT, YEAGER SAW THE NOTE COME UNDER THE DOOR AND PICKED IT UP. I RAN TO THE DOOR, BUT OUR MAN HAD VANISHED INTO THIN AIR."




"NOW THE WORST HAD HAPPENED. YEAGER FOLDED UP COMPLETELY AND BOTH CARR AND I WERE AFRAID OF WHAT WE WOULD FIND AS WE RACED TO 380 RIVERSIDE, ACROSS TOWN. BUT AT LEAST THE POLICE COULD NOW GO INTO ACTION IN THE OPEN..."



WELL... THEY WEREN'T KIDDING...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



SHE'S BEEN DEAD A COUPLE OF DAYS, CARR. MUST HAVE BEEN ALREADY MURDERED BEFORE THE FIRST NOTE CAME.

WE'VE GOT A LOT OF FINGERPRINTS. SEEM TO BE MOSTLY OF TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE.

"BY MID-AFTERNOON CARR AND I HAD GONE TO HIS OFFICE TO AWAIT THE POSSIBLE IDENTIFICATION OF THE FINGERPRINTS.

THERE ARE A FEW ANGLES TO THIS WHOLE THING THAT BOTHER ME, CARR. FOR INSTANCE, THOSE NOTES... THEY WERE MEANT TO REPRESENT THE WORK OF A CRUDE, NEARLY ILLITERATE PERSON THE WAY THEY WERE SET-UP... AND YET...

...YET THEY WERE PHRASED IN A MANNER THAT SUGGESTS AN EDUCATED PERSON. THEN THERE'S THAT MESSENGER GETTING AWAY FROM ME THIS MORNING IN LESS THAN A MINUTE... PRETTY HARD TO DO...!



THAT DOESN'T BOTHER ME NEARLY AS MUCH AS HOW THAT RANSOM MONEY GOT AWAY FROM US...

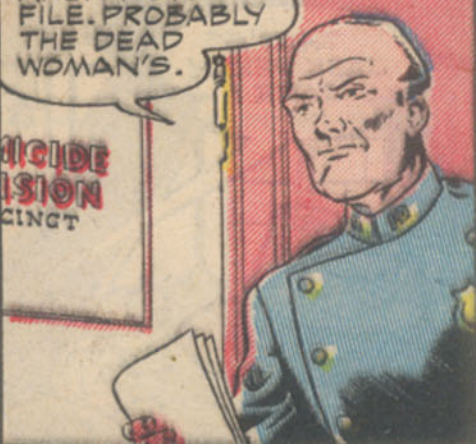
YES, I KNOW... FUNNY...



"FOR A MOMENT I HAD THE FEELING THAT I HAD COME CLOSE TO THE ANSWER, BUT AT THAT MOMENT..."

WE'VE IDENTIFIED ONE OF THOSE SETS OF PRINTS. THEY BELONG TO JACK PERRY. HE MUST BE YOUR BOY- GOT A RECORD AS LONG AS YOUR ARM! THE OTHER PRINTS AREN'T ON FILE. PROBABLY THE DEAD WOMAN'S.

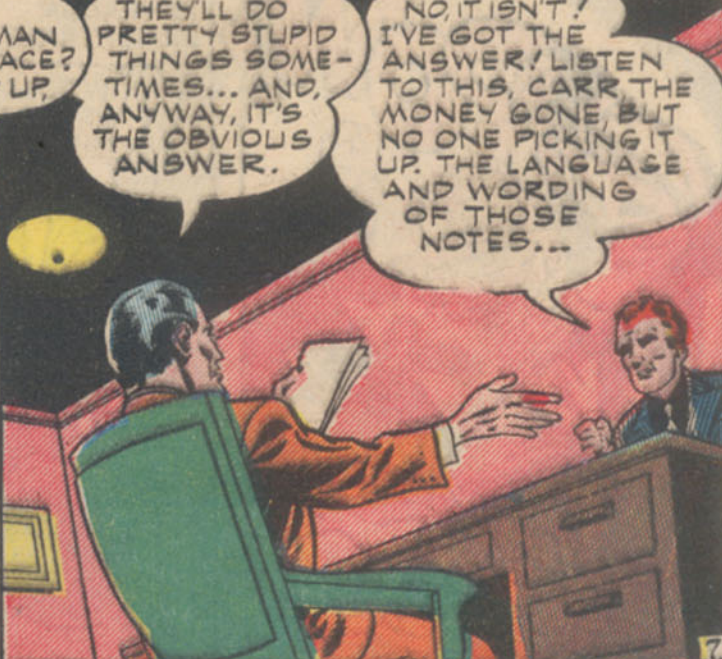
MURDER
VISION
SIGHT




JACK PERRY? HUH?

YES, AND THE APARTMENT OUT ON RIVERSIDE IS PERRY'S PLACE! WE FINALLY GOT HOLD OF THE LANDLORD AND HE VERIFIED IT.

AN EX-CON KILLING A WOMAN IN HIS OWN PLACE? DOESN'T ADD UP, CARR.



THEY'LL DO PRETTY STUPID THINGS SOMETIMES... AND, ANYWAY, IT'S THE OBVIOUS ANSWER.

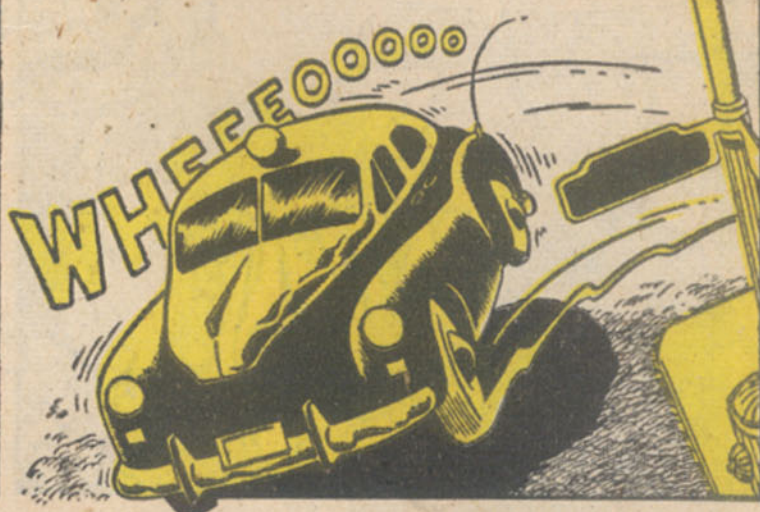
NO, IT ISN'T! I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! LISTEN TO THIS, CARR THE MONEY GONE, BUT NO ONE PICKING IT UP. THE LANGUAGE AND WORDING OF THOSE NOTES...

CRIME AND JUSTICE

...MY NOT FINDING ANYONE ON THE PORCH THIS MORNING. THE FACT THAT SHE WAS DEAD IN THE APARTMENT OF A KNOWN HOODLUM, AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, CARR, THEY KNEW THE POLICE WERE IN ON THE THING! DON'T YOU SEE IT? WHO KNEW ABOUT THE POLICE BEING IN? ONLY YOU AND I AND YOUR MEN... AND YEAGER!



"WE MOVED THEN... BUT FAST! ONCE WE REALIZED THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE THING FELL INTO PLACE FOR US. NO ONE HAD PICKED UP THE MONEY BECAUSE YEAGER HAD GONE TO THE ROCK AND LEFT AGAIN, WITH THE MONEY STILL IN HIS POCKET!"



"NO ONE HAD BEEN ON THAT PORCH THIS - OR ANY OTHER MORNING, BECAUSE YEAGER HAD WRITTEN THOSE NOTES HIMSELF AND THEN PRETENDED TO FIND THEM AT THE DOOR! IT WAS ALL CLEAR EXCEPT FOR A MOTIVE... WHY HAD BEN YEAGER, SUDDENLY BECOME DEATH, INCORPORATED?"

THAT'S JACK PERRY, CARR!



THAT WAS A SHOT INSIDE!

HE'LL HAVE LOCKED THE DOOR! BREAK IT DOWN!



IS YEAGER DEAD, PERRY?

IF HE AIN'T, THAT HOLE I BLEW IN THE

MIDDLE OF HIS FACE WON'T HELP HIS LOOKS ANY!

YOU WERE A FOOL FOR KILLING HIM! WE KNEW YOU DIDN'T KIDNAP MRS. YEAGER.



YOU KNEW THAT, HUH? GUESS I MIS-CUED, THEN... FIGURED AN EX-CON LIKE ME TO BE NATURAL FOR THE RAP! EVE WAS GOIN' TO DIVORCE THE FAT SLOB AND MARRY ME... HE FOUND OUT... TRAILED HER TO MY PLACE... KILLED HER THERE. I FOUND HER AND DECIDED TO GET HIM BEFORE YOU GUYS GOT ME! YOU... SHOOT STRAIGHT... DEVLIN...



THE END

CAN YOU
SELVE
THIS?
?

THE OFFICE OF YOUNG ATTORNEY AL FOSS...



A FEW WEEKS LATER INSPECTOR K... INVESTIGATES JOYCE'S DEATH...



PEGAN FINDS JOYCE'S OTHER SHOE...



SOLUTION.
THE MISSING SHOE SHOULD HAVE FIT THE LEFT FOOT BUT IT WAS A RIGHT SHOE. AL FOSS LATER CONFESSED... HE SAID HE HAD BEATEN HIS WIFE, THEN ARRANGED THE ACCIDENT SCENE. IN HIS HASTE HE HAD TAKEN TWO RIGHT SHOES OF A SIMILAR TYPE.



APPEAR SLIMMER INSTANTLY!

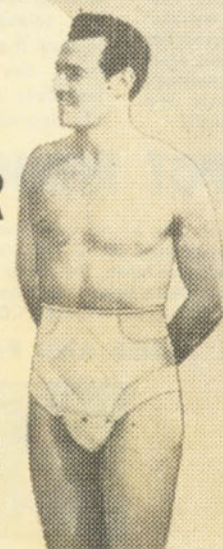
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It
Shows
Most

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MOST ANY
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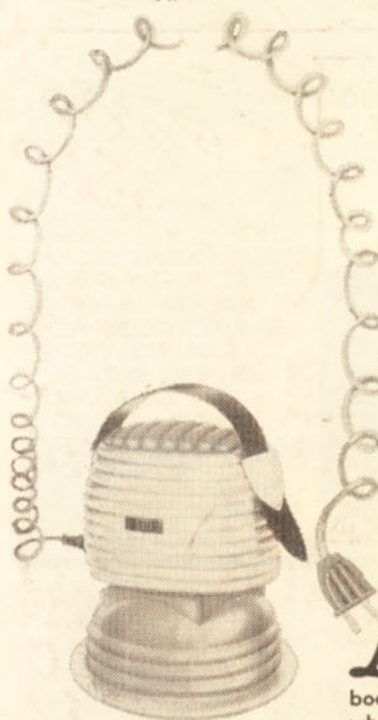
PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
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